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JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.



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(Signed) D. L. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[ No. 2

## THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONGRESS

In the Consistory held on the 6th of December, 1915, about seven months after Italy's declaration of war against Austria, Benedict XV pronounced the following words: "If we consider the inconveniences deriving to the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See from the European conflict, it is evident that they are very serious and extremely detrimental to the dignity of the sovereign Pontiff. The Italian government was certainly not lacking in good will to mitigate these inconveniences, but this clearly proves that the situation of the sovereign Pontiff is dependent upon civil power, and that as men and circumstances change, it may likewise change and become more precarious. No sensible man will venture to affirm that a condition so uncertain and so subject to the arbitrary will of others is precisely the one best suited to the Holy See."

The Pope had made similar declarations on previous occasions, but made as they were at this particular moment, in so determined a tone and before a gathering of Cardinals convened from all parts of the world, they acquired extraordinary importance and significance. Frankly, the papal utterance displeased the Italians. In declaring war against Austria, the Italian government had done its best to safeguard the prerogatives and the position of the Pope. If the German and Austrian ambassadors accredited to the Holy See had left Rome, they had done so at the express desire of the Vatican, which preferred this solution in order to avoid all responsibility in their regard. All the other prerogatives of the Pope deriving from the Law of Guarantees remained intact. Thus, for instance, he is at perfect liberty to correspond, as before the war, with subjects of enemy

countries; nor does the Italian censorship exercise any control on the thousands of letters which are daily delivered at the Vatican.

What was the real meaning and the aim of the Pope's grave words above quoted? Inferentially the only plausible answer is that their object was to feel the ground in order to revive, if possible, the time-honored "Roman Question," namely, the re-establishment of temporal power and, in a subordinate way, the internationalization of the Law of Guarantees. As it would not have been possible to solve so weighty a question during the war, it was evident that it might come up for examination at a future peace congress, like one of the many other questions of international interest.

However that may be, one thing is certain, namely, that the question of temporal power is now to the Italians a matter of perfect indifference. Very few still believe in the possibility of its re-establishment, although the war has given rise to hope in certain quarters. On the other hand, some uneasiness is felt concerning the question of the internationalization of the Law of Guarantees. This law has never been formally recognized or accepted by the Holy See, both on account of the still pending question of temporal power and because of the fact that the Vatican does not consider it a stable and lasting law. If it were sanctioned to-morrow by other Powers outside of Italy, the Pope would most likely accept it, even though it might entail his perpetual renunciation of all claims to temporal power. And this is why his attitude causes uneasiness among Italians.

The arguments advanced by the Holy See in a public allocution of the Pontiff himself were the signal for a lively debate both within and without the borders of Italy which has not yet entirely subsided. It is indeed remarkable that even in Italy the discussion has never degenerated into a bitter and harmful expression of blind political antagonism. It has on the contrary been marked by a keen sense of deferent courtesy and a full appreciation of the complex and serious aspects of the question involved.

In 1871, one year after the taking of Rome by the Italian government, the Law of Guarantees was promulgated in order to



insure to foreign States the right of free communication with the Holy See on religious matters. The law is practically a proclamation of the complete independence of the Holy See from Italian authority. This law, owing to its intranational character, may, strictly speaking, be revoked by the State should it so choose. And it is just this possibility, however remote, which keeps the Vatican in constant anxiety and which gave rise to Benedict XV's complaint.

Theoretically, the position of the Vatican is unassailable; but for all practical purposes its fear of a repeal or a substantial modification of the Law of Guarantees is wholly unfounded. As time goes by, the wise and enduring spirit of this law, which is perhaps the greatest expression of Cavour's political genius, is more firmly established, and its guarantees are therefore substantially and permanently intangible, as its maker would have it. To its preservation the great majority of Italians are committed, and it may be said that the Law of Guarantees, this *Magna Charta* of new Italy, has behind it the binding force of the country's conscience. No court of nations, if such a court were possible, would lend it greater recognition of dignity, or insure in fuller measure the execution of its provisions. Obviously, then, Italy as a sovereign State could never allow for this law the sanction of foreign Powers, and it is precisely in order to prevent the Vatican from enjoying the privileges of a sovereign State and thereby opening the way for a joint discussion of the Law of Guarantees that the Italian government persistently opposed the recognition of papal delegates at the various peace conferences at the Hague. This fear was largely based on misunderstanding and fostered, unfortunately, by a feeling of offended dignity on one side and distrust on the other. It is, of course, idle to speculate upon the restraining influence which would have attached to the Pope's signature under the Hague conventions now shamefully buried, but it is a reasonable presumption that the moral force of the Catholic Church would have conveyed a suasion far more powerful than that of any other human agency. Apparently, then, the Italian government is loath to forsake its traditional policy of juridical antagonism toward the Vatican and will most likely try to justify once more its past position in

strongly objecting to papal representation at a future peace conference. On the other hand there is a well-defined current of public opinion in Italy decidedly opposed to the perpetuation of such governmental policy of exclusion and claiming for the Vatican official recognition, not for the purpose of enabling it to voice complaints against the Italian government, but in order to insure to the future settlement of the world the binding power of spiritual authority.

Let us then see what arguments are advanced by the contending parties for and against papal intervention at the peace congress.

As the matter is one of purely legal and political nature and not a question of faith, many Catholics, especially in France and Belgium, have openly come out against granting this privilege to the Holy See. These Catholics, however, like most other foreigners, have based their arguments almost exclusively on reasons of sentiment or rather of resentment; and it is not difficult to understand the reason for their attitude.

The strongest argument against the intervention of the Pope is of a legal nature. Until 1870 the sovereign Pontiff was the Head of the Catholic Church as well as the Head of a State recognized by international law. He was, therefore, the organ of two kinds of relations with other States,—relations of a religious nature and relations of a political nature. But since 1870, namely, since the Pontifical State ceased to exist, the Pope is merely the Head of the Catholic Church. Hence, as he no longer possesses the necessary temporal qualifications, he may rightly be excluded from a peace congress. Nor does it suffice to say that the Law of Guarantees gives him the attributes of sovereignty. The Law of Guarantees does not consider him *as a sovereign* (this word never occurs in the Law of Guarantees) but *like a sovereign*, which is something very different. It is a legal fiction which has some of the effects of the thing simulated. Besides, even if the Pope were placed entirely on a par with a sovereign, this would not materially alter the case, because, from a point of view of international law, only States can be considered *as persons*, and the Pontifical State ceased to exist nearly fifty years ago.

Moreover, it is very doubtful whether even neutral States will be represented in the future congress. In case they should, they would not be admitted on the strength of any compelling reason of their own, since the congress would have to deal primarily with things *inter alios acta*, but rather as interested parties in the settlements affecting the future peace of the world. It is clear at any rate that if neutral nations whose rights have been infringed upon are denied the privilege of participation in a peace conference, the Holy See could hardly claim greater consideration from any of the belligerent groups.

To these arguments Ernesto Nathan, ex-mayor of Rome and influential among Italian freemasons, adds another, which in my opinion is unsound. If the Pope is to be represented at the peace congress, he says, the same privilege should be extended to the heads of other churches; the congress then would become a sort of ecumenical council. Besides the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the undisputed Head, there are many other churches. For what special reason, asks Nathan, should the Pope be admitted to the peace congress and the heads of the Anglican, Lutheran, Mohammedan, and Buddhist religions be excluded?

Mr. Nathan, of course, is hardly expected to be entirely free from prejudiced utterance in anything affecting the Catholic Church, but one is nevertheless baffled at his clumsy association of, let us say, Pope and Sultan. The sense of discrimination is entirely lacking and his argument far from convincing.

Among Catholics, as we have already hinted, and especially among French and Belgian Catholics, there are conflicting expressions of opinion. Here is, for instance, what an anonymous French Catholic has to say: "Had Benedict XV taken a firm stand since the beginning of the war in the name of justice and down-trodden right, he would have been fully justified in claiming a place among the judges who will settle all international questions after the war. But his strictly neutral attitude will debar him from the performance of this noble mission." What is indeed relevant in the foregoing lines is the charge of strict neutrality hurled at the Vatican, as this was not merely an expression of the writer's opinion but rather a belief commonly

entertained in France. Lately, however, a decided tendency to judge more cautiously seems to have developed.<sup>1</sup>

Further arguments upholding the same contention are lacking. Achille Loria, a well-known economist, expresses himself as follows: "Inasmuch as the future peace congress will have an essentially political character, and as even religious questions affecting the various churches will be treated from a political point of view, it is evident that only the representatives and delegates of political sovereigns will be entitled to participate therein to the complete exclusion of all Heads of established churches and religions." Ivanoe Bonomi, Italian minister of public works, remarks that, "Since the majority of European States are lay States, they cannot reasonably invite the Pope to the future peace congress. Furthermore, if we consider the question from the standpoint of numbers we find that Catholics engaged in the present conflict do not exceed numerically the non-Catholics." But, as if aware of the unstable ground upon which his statement rests, he adds: "The participation of the Holy See in the congress would imply the acknowledgment of the political power of the papacy, thus dealing a heavy blow to the political and legal structure upon which Italy has erected the formula of *a free church in a sovereign state*."

We may state here that the views against a papal intervention are far more numerous than those in favor of it; but this is of slight importance, since the weight rather than the number of arguments counts in the end. Obviously, the conclusion we reach in examining the expressions of opinion so far advanced is that the predominant and most valid argument used proceeds entirely from a strict interpretation of legal provisions. All other arguments which are not of a legal nature fail to convey any conviction whatever. So irrelevant in fact do they appear to be that even some of those who staunchly oppose the idea of

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<sup>1</sup>The following words addressed by Benedict XV to Mr. Laudet, the editor of *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris), sum up the position of the Vatican: "Vous me demandez si je condamne en principe les atrocités accomplies. Cela ne suffit pas. Je les condamne concrètement. Tout le monde sait que l'Allemagne en a commis, mais je ne puis préciser les réprobations comme certains voudraient, parce que je n'ai pas les éléments voulus."

papal representation at a peace congress reject them without hesitation. The most specious of this latter class of arguments is doubtless the one advanced by Mr. Nathan. This critic insinuates that recognition of the Holy See by the belligerents would imply recognition of a moral standing on the part of Catholicism higher than that of any other church. It is a glaring fallacy which need not be discussed at length. But it may be pertinent to remark that the Vatican's claim to an invitation by the Powers would rest chiefly on the fact that the Pope is rightly looked upon as the Head of the most universal and best organized of all religions. When the American Jewish Union, for instance, appealed to the Pope, invoking his protection for their coreligionists scattered in the war-devastated countries of Europe and Asia, they surely did not mean to imply recognition of a higher morality in the Catholic Church but rather of greater prestige and influence. Aside from these considerations, however, there is another point well worth making. If the belligerent States desire to invite the Pope to their peace conference they could easily do it. But the invitation, precisely because it would be voluntary and spontaneous, could not imply an extension of the same privilege to representatives of other churches.

On the other side of this controversy we find perhaps fewer champions but an array of arguments of compelling interest. It is eminently fair that we approach then with an open mind and with the attention which they deserve.

Soon after the question of a probable participation of the Vatican at the peace congress was brought to the attention of the world, a Catholic paper of Rome categorically stated that nothing justified the supposition that the Pope wished to profit by the European conflict in order definitely to improve his own situation. The paper added that the Holy See had never done anything to solicit, directly or indirectly, from any of the belligerents, an invitation to preside over or participate in a peace congress. But, the paper added, granting that the Pope were to attend such a congress, what harm would there be? His intervention would prove highly beneficial to Italy, because the Pope would abstain from touching any question not strictly pertaining to the conclusion of a satisfactory peace. Besides, the signature



of the Pope would greatly enhance the importance of a treaty among the Powers because it would bind the consciences of Catholics who would rise up against any government attempting to disregard or violate its provisions.

Evidently the Catholic press thus attempted to prove that Benedict XV would never countenance in the future peace congress complications detrimental to Italian interests, and that the words which he pronounced in the consistory of 1915 should have been interpreted differently. It is probable that such statements were inspired by the Vatican, but however that may be, they certainly well define the attitude of responsible Catholic quarters. "His Holiness Benedict XV," wrote the Catholic deputy Soderini in the *Nuova Antologia*, "has constantly and intensely worked to this end: the conclusion of a just and lasting peace. It is therefore evident that in the future peace congress he would carefully refrain from proposing questions calculated to give rise to immediate dissension. To introduce the question of the internationalization of the Law of Guarantees would be like putting a match to a barrel of gunpowder. How could we then suppose that the Pope, who most ardently desires peace, should try to avail himself of this circumstance in order to submit this question and ask for its immediate solution?" Having cleared the ground from all doubts on this score, the writer maintains that the presence of the Pope at the peace congress is absolutely necessary. This congress will be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction: the reconstruction of Poland, of Belgium, of Servia, and the rescue of Armenia from Turkish domination. This work of reconstruction, he goes on to say, will meet with the gravest obstacles created especially by opposite interests and by rivalries of a territorial nature. It will be almost impossible to bring the Powers together on all points. Hence the need of a purely moral force which, having no territorial interests of its own to safeguard, would be above suspicion of selfish motives. A moral force of this nature is only that wielded by the Pope.

Another well-known Catholic writer goes even further and says that Italians should without delay work to this end lest some other Power, for the purpose of placing Italy in an em-

barrassing position, should of its own accord unearth the Roman question. "For" he says, "who would dare to raise this tremendous problem if the Pope, the person most directly concerned, were to oppose such a step? It stands to reason that if the Pope intended to urge a discussion of the Law of Guarantees his best plan would be to keep away from the peace congress, leaving the task to others." This is why the opinion is so generally insisted upon that the exclusion of the Pope from the congress would invite discussion on the internationalization of the Law of Guarantees, a thing which Italians desire to avoid at all costs and which they could on no account tolerate. And inasmuch as such a peace congress is likely to have an essentially spiritual value besides its political and economic character, it is clear that the presence of a papal representative would be eminently desirable, bringing a much-needed spiritual and moral note quite apart from politics. Others have even gone so far as to champion for the Pope not only the privilege of intervention but the very honor attached to the presidency of the peace congress. It is held that the difficulty of finding a president equally acceptable to all parties will be enormous, as all candidates would be open to the suspicion of favoring one or another of the belligerents. Such potentates as are now available can scarcely command the necessary authority or claim the proper qualifications for the task, and besides they could not be regarded as wholly disinterested in the stupendous questions which would come up for discussion. Hence the ideal president would be the Pope, not represented by a special legate, but the Pope in person with his majestic and inspiring appeal.

But efforts to prove the advisability of papal participation at a future peace conference are not confined to considerations of expediency alone or dictated by a desire to see the spiritual influence of the Vatican recognized. As a matter of fact there are able men who contend that the claim is perfectly in harmony with existing statutes, and that if the Pope were invited to a peace congress ranking as a sovereign and the Head of a first-class Power, this would by no means be incompatible with international law. For, in accordance with prevailing practice, the Pope is regarded as a sovereign and his representatives hold

the rank of diplomatic agents. The protocol regulating the rank and precedence of diplomatic agents, signed at Vienna in 1815 and completed by the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, is still in force. In accordance with the provisions of this document it appears that the Powers have implicitly recognized the status of pontifical representatives which has always been observed in Catholic capitals, so that all diplomatic agents accredited, for instance, to Vienna or Madrid, recognize the papal Nuncio as head of the diplomatic corps. Not only, therefore, has the Pope full right to send and to receive diplomatic representatives, not only has there been no change in this respect after the fall of temporal power, but several States continue to grant special privileges and prerogatives to the representatives of the Holy See, and these special rights, such as the right of precedence, have never been challenged. It follows that, if the right of legation confers upon a State or a sovereign the right of diplomatic representation in another State or at the court of another sovereign, the same right entitles the State or sovereign to be represented at a congress or conference. Therefore, even from a diplomatic and legal point of view, there is nothing to prevent the Pope from participating in a future peace congress.

It is clear that such an array of conflicting evidence can hardly lead to anything like unanimity of opinion. So long as old suspicions prevail and the narrow deductions from provisions duly sanctioned by law are the sole criterion for guidance in the future, no satisfactory solution of the problem can be hoped for. Unless a mutual understanding is reached between the Holy See and the Italian government it is practically certain that no nation or group of nations will ever interfere in behalf of the Vatican. This mutual understanding must be an accomplished fact before the question of the Vatican's position in an international congress is successfully settled. It is, of course, true that so far the Vatican has consistently maintained an attitude of passive submission towards the Italian government, but the protest has unquestionably lost whatever force and appeal it might formerly have had. The necessity of improved relations between the Vatican and the Italian government has been felt by many eminent churchmen and notably by the late Monsignor Bonomelli,

Bishop of Cremona, who was for many years the champion of this new tendency within the Church.<sup>2</sup> Surely the question of temporal power is settled forever. The suppression of political domination by the Catholic Church is a permanent acquisition of United Italy, and no agitation for the purpose of reëxamining the momentous decision of 1870 either inside or outside of Italy will ever engage the serious attention of the world. With regard to the other question of securing for the Law of Guarantees the sanction of other Powers besides Italy, it is quite certain that efforts to attain this end will also fail. As was pointed out by Mr. Speranza in a recent number of *The Outlook*, the law could scarcely be made more binding than it is at present, and Minister Orlando was eminently right in saying that, "while in other gigantic struggles the sacred character of the Head of the Church had not saved him as a temporal sovereign from suffering persecution and violence, imprisonment and exile—from Gregory VII to Boniface VIII and Pius VII—nevertheless in the present conflict the supreme Pontiff, under the safeguard of the Italian law, maintained unaltered and applied in a spirit of broad interpretation of its fundamental principle, has been able to govern his Church and to exercise his great ministry with a fulness of rights, with a freedom, safety and prestige, such as befit the truly sovereign authority which is his, and incontestable in the spiritual world."

We have seen, however, that reliable Catholic opinion is committed to the acceptance of existing conditions. This unequivocal attitude is indeed significant. Whether it is the forerunner of a similar attitude on the part of the Vatican is hard to say, but this much is certain: the Vatican is under no illusion concerning the two questions of temporal power and international sanction of the Law of Guarantees; it is rather safe to assume that it thoroughly realizes the position Italy has irrevocably taken and the impossibility of ever turning back. If our assumption is correct, a satisfactory basis for agreement between the Italian government and the Papacy may be easily found.

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<sup>2</sup> The liberal ideas of this eminent prelate were disapproved by the Vatican as imprudent and untimely, but it was not many years before they were tacitly adopted. The *non expedit*, for instance, is now practically a dead letter.

In my opinion, the two leading aspects of the whole controversy are as follows: (1) The Pope cannot expect to be invited to any international congress as long as Italy objects. (2) Italy's objection to papal representation will continue as long as the government is uncertain regarding the true attitude and intentions of the Vatican.

If we should base our forecast of future arrangements upon the cumulative experience of the past, a reconciliation between the Holy See and the Italian government would hardly be reckoned as a probable occurrence; but the war has so profoundly changed the whole texture of the civilized world that a single day is now likely to usher in the result of many years of patient evolution.

Since moral principles are so important in this war as to offset all other considerations, there are many who maintain that the Pope, the most conspicuous champion of peace, cannot without injury to the world be excluded from a conference of belligerents. His claim is in their opinion a compelling one: he is the spiritual head of a church which is in many ways the greatest institution in the world. It is useless to say that the Pope has lost the prerogatives of a sovereign, that he is no longer an agency of international relations, that he is a dispossessed monarch to be placed on a par with other heads of religious communities. It is held, and the contention is doubtless convincing, that political rule over a few square miles of territory would not give the Pope the necessary element of acceptance by the Powers. Such rule might perhaps satisfy formal requirements of international law, but substantially the claim of papal intervention at a peace conference would rest upon firmer ground.

Those who are opposed to papal representation at a peace conference naturally feel that equally powerful arguments may be advanced in support of the position they take. The future will decide which of the two contending parties is to prevail.

The fact remains, however, that although the recent effort of the Vatican in behalf of peace has failed, the Pope is still the most powerful advocate of peace living, and further appeals from him may be expected. It is quite likely that the Central Powers will yield long before a military collapse stares them in the face,



and in such a contingency the Pope might become their authorized spokesman for peace. Whether this would be a sufficient title for admission to the peace council remains to be seen.

However that may be, the Vatican has already intimated in unmistakable terms that the question of temporal power, the revision of the Law of Guarantees, the rescue of dynasties, including the Catholic crown of Austria, are all matters of passing import as compared with the tremendous duty of the Church to save the world from utter annihilation.

A. M.

## ADVERTISING AND LIBERAL LITERATURE

No doubt the advertising policies of periodicals have sins of their own to answer for, for the power of the advertiser is the power of patronage and can be easily abused. But those who complain of the bad reaction of advertising upon writers, especially upon radical writers, may get a certain consolation, whatever it amounts to, from remembering that advertising originally liberated the profession of writing and made it respectable and attractive. It took the writer off his patron's staircase and invested him with a larger independence and self-respect, insured his maintenance and got him better wages for his work. It was the radical writer, too, who reaped the largest advantage; in fact, one might fairly say that advertising has been the most important single factor in the promotion of liberal literature.

The pursuit of this clew is interesting. As far as I know, the first advertisement ever printed was a book-ad that appeared in 1647. But the real history of advertising begins for our purposes eighteen years later with the establishment of the *Oxford Gazette* on November 7, 1665.

This was an official paper, the mouthpiece of the court of King Charles II. It was published twice a week on a single sheet about seven inches by ten, or approximately the size of a standard magazine page; printed on both sides in two columns, carrying about five hundred words to the column or two thousand words to the issue. Being published under royal auspices, it had, of course, the most pronounced editorial "slant" on all the news of those parlous times. It is doubtful whether anything in our day can match the industrious twisting and garbling and straightaway lying by which this newspaper bolstered the royalist cause.

Fox Bourne says that this was "almost the only newspaper allowed to King Charles's subjects till near the end of his reign." Hence, obviously, the publisher did not need to worry about circulation. He had all there was. Between the Licensing Act and the censorship, he had easy going. Furthermore, as he operated under patronage, he was independent of advertising; and, in

fact, as long as he had the field to himself, he carried practically no advertising except court-notices. In early issues I saw only a few book-ads, some advertisements of runaway apprentices and one for a lost dog. When the court moved from Oxford to London, the paper took the name of the *London Gazette* with the issue of Feb. 4, 1669. A couple of years later a few more miscellaneous ads appear, and by 1680 they occasionally amount to as much as a column; but one may fairly say that this paper ran a dozen years without any general advertising business worth mentioning.

At this time the people of England were getting more or less uncertain and captious about the Stuart regime, and by 1682 some publisher seems to have thought that the insurgent spirit was strong enough to support a newspaper; so in that year, after the *Gazette* had enjoyed a clear field for seventeen years, a privately owned competitor called the *Mercury* appeared. Its policy was radical and progressive; its method a fine monochrome study in pure yellow. The editor—some earlier and nameless Hearst—did his work in a style that must remain the delight and the despair of imitators. In his earlier issues he set forth a declaration asserting his independence of court politics and influential persons. He laid down this challenge in the language of eighteen-carat insurgency, and seasoned it with urbane and salty innuendoes against the policy of the court paper. He closed his prospectus with the promise to stick by his insurgent programme and get out his paper as long as his undertaking was supported or "until stopt by Authority."

Now what enabled him to do this? Advertising. There is no doubt of it, the analysis of his columns shows it. He ran more advertising in his first month than his subsidized contemporary ran in three years. His first issue carried long advertisements of two books that were a direct appeal to the insurgent spirit. One of these books was a work on religious philosophy, espousing the Puritan or Presbyterian doctrine and antagonizing the political alliance of church and State which was fostered by the Stuarts and Archbishop Laud. It does not seem any great piece of radicalism in these days, but it was tremendous for its time. The

other book was a history of "the Adventures and Discoveries of several famous Men" (among others, Sir Walter Rawleigh), chronicling and commending the achievements of independent adventure and the come-outer spirit. Several real-estate advertisements appear in the same issue, and one of James Maddox, or Madox, the name being spelled both ways, an undertaker who seems to have worked out a new embalming process. Maddox's advertisements ran consistently through the whole life of the *Mercury* and he used large space; so the process doubtless gave satisfaction.

The second issue of the *Mercury* contained a whole column of advertising, as much as any single issue of the *Gazette* came to in twelve years, and it presents the first specimen, as far as I know, of classified ads. The real-estate ads increase in number; and in the third issue some enterprising broker is quick to take a preferred position immediately under the real-estate classification, informing people in so many words that if they have any real-estate to dispose of they might better let him attend to it personally than trust to hit-or-miss advertising in a newspaper. There is a certain irony about this. He promises privacy, uses a three-star run-around to attract attention, and altogether makes the impression of a good, lively business-getter.

There are some peculiar features to these real-estate ads. First, it is rather remarkable that there are so many of them and that the terms so often indicate a great sacrifice. One place, for instance, costing £10,000 to build the house alone, will be let go in a lump for £4,000. Rentals are relatively as low as sales prices. It would seem that the troubled state of politics was suggesting to people of quality that they should pull out of their real-estate holdings and get ready to jump. This view is somewhat supported by the fact that these ads are nearly always rather more than anonymous; that is, the advertiser not only suppresses his name, but usually he does not even disclose the location of his property. One is struck, too, by the very modern way these ads have of talking about the climate. One after another keeps saying, "as good air as will be found anywhere within five miles of London," etc. Now as far as natural climate goes, there could be little choice in

air at any place within five miles of the London of that day—or of this, for that matter. Hence it would seem that although the factory system did not come in until nearly one hundred years after, there might have been something of a smoke problem even then.

The *Mercury's* advertising rate is not known; but from calculations based on a financial statement of the *Spectator* about 1712, at the time the newspapers were all taxed out of existence by the monstrous and crushing levy of 1s per ad of any length, it seems reasonable to believe that the advertisements in the second issue of the *Mercury* paid for its paper, printing, and distribution. If so, the twelfth issue, carrying one and an eighth columns, and the seventeenth, carrying one and a half, represent considerable "velvet."

The truly miscellaneous character of the *Mercury's* advertising, as compared with that of its subsidized competitor, may be inferred from a single specimen. On September 8, 1682, a barber named Robert Whiting offers for sale—

"Many hundreds of Natural Rarities, as Alegators, Crocades, Goanes, Armadels, Dolphins, King-Crabs, Snakes, Pellecans, Bugalogs, and all manner of Shells, Fish and Sea-Eggs."

In the eighteenth issue appears our true friend, our faithful stand-by, the sheet-anchor of newspaper advertising—the patent-medicine man. He makes his initial bow modestly, with a gentle panegyric on the virtues of Spruce Beer, a medicinal drink. A few issues later, however, namely, on September 19, 1682, he comes forth in all his war-paint and feathers in praise of the True Spirit of Scurvygrass.

Many imagine that the psychology of advertising is a modern discovery and that all the tricks of the trade have been worked out of whole cloth in the last quarter of a century or some such matter. To such I earnestly recommend a careful analysis of the *Mercury's* advertisement of the True Spirit of Scurvygrass. It will encourage them by showing that even if we are now no better than we ought to be, we are at all events no worse than them of old time.



First, the True Spirit of the Scurvygrass is offered to a suffering public because "all are troubled with the Scurvy more or less." This is an interesting statement, and calculated to start the guileless prowling for symptoms. It has a good force of suggestion; we have all perused more modern advertisements similarly equipped—yea, and in our own flesh have felt each horrid exponent and token rise responsive to the roll-call! Next follows a trade-mark warning, and a plain hint of the prevalence of rebating, or giving dealers a rake-off for pushing one's goods:—

"Many for Lucre's sake make something which they call Spirit of Scurvygrass, etc., and to promote it both in Town and Country give threepence or a Groat in a Glass to such as will boast and cry it up and dispraise far better than what they sell."

**Beware of imitations! Refuse substitutes! None other is genuine!** There is nothing particularly new about this, either; we have heard of it before, even to the rebating.

Then follows a courteous and ingenious effort to break the news gently, for which everyone is properly grateful, of course, but yet in spite of it—in spite of the tender solicitude for the Meaner sort, in spite of the transparent purity of the designs upon the Rich in behalf of their Poor Neighbours—one can not help noticing that this remedy was sold at what appears, for those days, a rousing price:—

"In order that the Meaner sort may easily reach it and the Rich be induced to help their Poor Neighbours, it is ordered to be sold for Sixpence a Glass."

About 1706 the patent-medicine ads begin to crowd all others out of the newspapers—a sure indication that they could and did pay a higher rate. No wonder! No wonder, either, that they were the only ads to survive the imposition of the devastating tax on advertisements some six years later. The True Spirit of Scurvygrass at sixpence a throw in a country where all are troubled with the Scurvy more or less, must have been a money-maker. Its extremely wide range of therapeutic virtue also no doubt helped its sale. It would cure anything—anything. When

the advertiser gets really warmed up to his work he rises to the strain of Dr. Dulcamara in the *Elisir d'Amore*:—

“Upon trial you will perceive this Spirit to root out the Scurvy and all its Dependents; as also to help Pains in the Head, Stomach, Shortness of Breath, Dropsies, lost Appetite, Faintness, Vapours, Wind in any Part, Worms, Itching, Yellowness, Spots, etc. Loose Teeth and Decayed Gums are helped by rubbing them with a few drops, as also any Pain in the Limbs. . . .”

And so forth and so on. A dose of the True Spirit was a pot-shot at the whole category of ills that flesh is heir to. If it didn't get what it went after, it would bag something else. It never fired any blank cartridges.

The True Spirit of Scurvygrass was first advertised in the *Mercury* on September 19, 1682. In the next issue, September 22, under an ad for a lost gold watch, appears an ad of imposing length—a whole half column of it—proclaiming—

“the Old and True Way of Practicing Physick, revived by Dr. Tho. Kirleus, His Majesty's Sworn Physician in Ordinary, presented by the Rt. Hon., the Earl of Shaftesbury, and approved by the most competent judges of the Art, the College of Physicians, under their Hands and Seal.”

Thus it appears that, like his latter-day brethren who advertise, Dr. Tho. Kirleus was “a graduate physician in regular standing.” But whatever his professional status may have been, Dr. Tho. was a master of the art of advertising. Within the space of forty-two words—only forty-two words—this remarkable man manages to crowd nearly every trick of the modern medicine-monger:—

“he gives his Opinion for nothing to any that writes or comes to him, and safe Medicines for little, but to the Poor for Thanks; and in all Diseases where the Cure may be discerned, he expects nothing until it be cured.”

Analyze this prospectus. Consultation gratis; consultation by mail; “harmless vegetable remedy”; free treatment for those unable to pay; no cure, no pay. Only one thing is missing; and it

is supplied in the very next sentence by the swift and masterly hand of Dr. Tho.:—

“Of the Gout he cured himself ten years since, when crippled with Knots in his Hands and Feet, but now able to go with any Man of his age ten or twenty Miles.”

There we have it! That last touch rounds out the advertisement, makes it perfect, and establishes an open channel and communication with the enterprise of our modern age! “One who has suffered from rheumatism for seventeen years, etc., etc., will send by mail, etc., etc.” How pleasant and restful and thoroughly at home it makes one feel to be rewarded with finds like this among the dust and ashes of the lamented past, before the era of commercialism had set in!

Dr. Tho. Kirleus was a persistent and consistent advertiser, but subsequent indications show that while he became prosperous, he did not live long to enjoy his triumphs. His affairs went on, however, managed by competent hands and directed by heads that had thoroughly learned the value of advertising, as we shall shortly see.

The *Mercury* passed out of existence in 1686, whether from natural causes or “stopt by Authority” I do not know. The next insurgent paper that I examined for advertising was the *Review*, established by Daniel Defoe in 1700, fourteen years after the end of the *Mercury*. As a muckraker, the author of *Robinson Crusoe* was entitled to the red ribbon. He knew every political and social situation in England; he knew the strength and weakness of every element in its civilization; he had an unfailing instinct for the psychological moment in journalism; he knew just what to write about and when to play it up, and how to use the right word in the right place with a calm and deadly accuracy that never failed. Although the actors in those scenes have long since passed into infamous oblivion, it is yet a perennial pleasure to turn to Daniel's pages and watch him kerosene some mongrel politician's coat-tails and apply the match.

Naturally, these activities attracted unfavorable attention, so that Defoe seems occasionally to have stood from under. He

speaks in one place of editing his paper sometimes at a distance of 400 miles from London. He had trouble also with the news companies; the "Hawkers or Shops," he says, would not handle his goods—too much sedition in them, likely. He had, however, a London agent named Mathews who seems to have been a hustler, so between them they were able to get the paper pretty well distributed in spite of official opposition and the timidity of newsdealers. The people stood by Defoe, and in four years' time he was able to get out a twenty-eight page monthly supplement, a real magazine, the precursor of our present monthly periodicals. This contained many modern magazine features; one of which, however—the write-up of some current event in excellent Latin verse—would probably not get very far in these times.

All this, again, was kept up by advertising. In 1710 Defoe speaks of financing a new project by subscription "until it shall be able to support itself," but the estimated cost of paper and presswork leaves little doubt that at the outset it was rather more than covered by advertising. There is some reason for believing that the advertising rate was based upon circulation, for there is record of one paper published about this time that gave away a thousand copies of one issue as "padding." This, however, is only conjecture. Either Defoe himself or his agent Mathews was what we should now call a crackerjack solicitor, for it is in Defoe's paper that we particularly notice the tendency to crowd out the low-priced ads in favor of those that could and would bring up the rate, such as cosmetics, patent medicines, trusses, and goods in the luxury class, in which there was presumably a very large margin of profit. It appears from Defoe's ads that many of these goods, especially patent medicines, were handled by booksellers.

The first illustrated ad appears in 1706—a rude wood cut of some trusses that a manufacturer was putting on the market. Defoe himself had little use for drugs or doctors; in one place he says editorially that "what the ancients fabulously reported of Pandora's box is strictly true of the doctor's packet; and that it contains in it the seeds and principles of all diseases." Defoe evidently had no qualms about offending his best advertisers. Nor

yet had Steele. Steele, in the *Spectator*, curses quacks as impostors and murderers, while tranquilly advertising probably the very worst of them; and from 1708 on Defoe's paper carried hardly anything but a line of patent-medicine advertising like this:—

"All Melancholy and Hypochondriacal Distempers of Mind with strange Fears, Dismal Apprehensions, great Oppression and Sinking of Spirit (little understood and seldom Cured by any common Means). Also Sick-Fits, Faintings, Tremblings and other Disorders arising from Vapours, etc., are successfully Cured (with God's blessing) by a Physician well experienced and of more than 20 Years' Practice in these deplorable Cases."

"With God's blessing" is certainly a very handsome proviso, and does the writer credit. A similar pious concession appears in another advertisement of the same issue, which I quote for the sake of another familiar trick of the trade, namely, the "sealed package," which I believe makes its first appearance here:—

"Most excellent strengthening Pills, which give certain Help in all Pains or Weakness of the Back (either in Man or Woman) occasioned by a Strain or Wrench or any other cause; being a sure Remedy (under God) in such cases for Cure. At 3s a Box containing 8 Doses (sealed up) with printed Directions."

We see also from Defoe's paper that by 1707 a good deal of the charitable bread cast on the waters by our fine old friend Dr. Tho. Kirleus had begun to float back. Dr. Tho. had meanwhile been gathered to his fathers, but the business was carried on by his son's widow, who, for consistency and explicitness of advertising, might be regarded as the Lydia E. Pinkham of that bygone day. She recommends his medicines for a variety of disorders not contemplated by the good old man's original advertisement which we found running in the *Mercury*, and she specifies some of them with a Hogarthian directness which we must not quote. We find that—

"Mary Kirleus, the Widow of John Kirleus, son of Dr. Tho. Kirleus, a sworn Physician in Ordinary to King Charles



II., sells (rightly prepared) his famous Drink and Pills; experienced above 50 years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies . . . These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues . . . In Compassion to the distressed, she will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3s the Quart, the Pill is the Box with Directions and Advice Gratis."

"Above 50 years"—truly a long time in the little life of men! John, too, we perceive, has gone—gone to rejoin Dr. Tho. But Mary is still with us, very much alive and on the job!

Yes, whatever our impatience with the control of periodicals by force of advertising patronage, it is well to remember the immense emancipating power exercised upon writers of the past by this same force. Advertising enabled the *London Mercury* to come out as a red-hot insurgent paper and do an enormous service to liberal thought, when nothing else in the world could have held it up over one issue. It emancipated writers from the more personal and irresponsible sort of patronage that controlled the *Gazette*, for instance. It encouraged them to say what they pleased, even to the extent of abusing their best advertisers, as Steele did, and Defoe. It was advertising that unchained Defoe and galvanized his elbow and pointed his quill, and enabled him to do tremendous service to the cause of liberalism at a time when it most needed service.

And even to-day perhaps things are not as bad as they might be. I am not able to discuss the plight of the professional writer or the propagandist, but there is another class of writers who seem to me still under a very considerable obligation to advertising. I refer to the large number of what one might call marginal minds, who have no idea of writing for a living, but who write a good deal, merely to express themselves, merely to say what they think, while getting their living some other way. Advertising, by maintaining a great body of periodical literature, furnishes these the opportunity to get into print; and thus, out of this mass of more or less mediocre and unprofessional self-expression there occasionally emerges one who finds he has a gift for it. Then, as advertising has enabled him to discover himself, so it is advertising

that enables him to develop himself, that gives him the encouraging and almost necessary practice in seeing himself in print. So while its bearing may have changed somewhat, one may still say that advertising is performing its historic public service in liberating and stimulating the potential writer.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

New York City.

## ON REREADING MEREDITH

There is almost absolute truth in the statement made by Mr. William Watson that every intelligent reader is born either a Meredithian or an anti-Meredithian. There are few instances of readers who grow to like the work of George Meredith; people are startled and held by his genius at first acquaintance or feel a repugnance they never are able to argue away. There are no half-way measures in liking or disliking this author's books.

He published for the first time in the middle of the nineteenth century, but nearly thirty years passed before any large amount of recognition and appreciation was granted him. His early books were liked by the few people who were far enough advanced to have acquired a nature to which Meredith could appeal. This group was small; its number has increased but slowly. The whole development of life since 1850, however, has been to make a different kind of men and women from the kind of the years before that date. There is about most men now a virility, in their thoughts at least, that Meredith pointed out and foreshadowed in his early books, because he knew that this quality must grow in us. We have not yet gone so far in the training of our manly compositions as Meredith would have us; we are far from realizing the ideals he holds up for women. "Ideals," we call them now; for in our present state of society the freedom of thought and action that this novelist asks for women in his books and in the world is far away. Considered rationally and abstractly all he desires, with seeming hope too, is right, proper, and natural.

It is not always safe to ascribe to a writer every opinion he expresses in a book. We know, however, that Meredith has declared more directly than through a novel some of his personal views concerning marriage. Though in his novels he draws vivid pictures, presents difficult situations, delineates powerful characters, we feel that he has probably held his mirror up to nature only to smile at the people who gaze into it so anxiously. He wrote great novels of real life with hints of how real life

should grow to ideal life; merely saying, by way of grim comment, "This is what you are, and this is what you should be; but there is no hope that you will, or even can, pass from one condition to the other." There is not a novel which does not show, either in its main plot or in some minor episodes, the hollowness, the meanness, the pettiness of our usual mode of existence. Coupled with such delineation is always the hint that things might be different, but there is no novel that proves or shows that matters would be any better in the state toward which we hope we are moving. Even Meredith's philosophers are disappointing. They are comfortable people, after all, who always conform, daring as they may appear. His young heroes, likewise, begin with wonderful plans for changing, if not bettering, the world. In some instances they go so far as to make a beginning; but a woman, a parliamentary seat, a business, turns their views topsy-turvy as they grow only a few years older.

From the standpoint of realism and fidelity to nature a reader can find no fault with the philosophers and heroes in these novels; from the standpoint of ethical renovation and optimistic idealism alone can he declare himself disappointed. As no reader expects the world to be re-created by anyone except philosophers and heroes he accepts unquestioningly the women and boys of Meredith,—his great creations. Refreshing is the boyishness of his boys; lovable the womanhood of his women. Though the author is a realist in his delineation of his women, he is a philosopher in his attitude toward them. He always reproduces women as they appear to him, but he always gives hints of what they would be, were it not for man and his unenlightened selfishness. "In his delineation of them," declares Mr. Le Gallienne, "his fearless adoption of the modern conception of the unity of body and spirit finds its poetry. No writer with whom I am acquainted has made us so realize the value and significance of flesh, and spirit as the flower of it. In his women we seem to see the transmutation in process."

The women in these books who save themselves do so in every instance by a sudden act of determination — an act that in real life would mean scandal. These impetuous, seemingly rash, flauntings in the face of a dignified, prim society are necessary

because "women are in the position of inferiors. They are hardly out of the nursery when a lasso is thrown around their necks." From *The Pilgrim's Script* of Sir Austin Feverel the novelist quotes, "I suspect that woman will be the last thing civilized by man." These sentences show the attitude of men to women which Meredith so much deplores.

As Meredith is realistic in treatment he is dramatic in method. His characters having been drawn with certain natures and finished with appropriate habits are placed in a situation; then the action begins. Time and time again the author declares in his novels that he has merely brought together and started his people; that they are making their own history, a history in which for any unexpected freak of theirs he disclaims any responsibility. A hero in a book is, after all, a man; a man moved, as are all men in and out of books, by an inexorable Fate (so we ignorantly call it) manifested in circumstances about him or in an impulsive, vacillating mind within him. All the stories are comedies, or tragi-comedies, of that inner partly even subconscious life, that he indicates rather than depicts. The dramatic designs are broad and spacious, conveying an impression of magnitude which the finished work never equals. The first plan of a story is always larger than the written novel. The feeling of restriction is likely due to a lack of graceful ease in telling the story, a lack caused less by inability than by a conscious ingenuity in style applied to a method of narration. This sense of restriction is prevalent in *Tragic Comedians*; while in the closing chapters of *The Egoist* events follow one another so rapidly and with so little apparent relation that the solution of the difficulty in which Sir Willoughby has placed himself is hard to follow.

In another sense Meredith has spaciousness. His knowledge and fancy can illuminate any subject, amplify any theme. In *The Egoist* he has an entire chapter on the remark of Mrs. Mountstuart, "You see, he has a leg." In *One of Our Conquerors* a speech of a passing man in the street contains the word "punctilio," and that one word is a reason for several paragraphs.



## II

Though even to-day the novels of Meredith are not read as are the novels of Dickens and those of Thackeray his name is widely known to the reading public because of his peculiar style. It is a curious fact that people who do not know by personal acquaintance one book can talk about his characteristic manner of expression. Because of their style, if because of no other reason, these novels should live. Meredith is not one of the class of writers who captivate readers on the first page by the ease of their style. The heraldic and hereditary matter which opens *Henry Esmond* is as nothing compared with the material with which Meredith's opening chapters are filled. In many instances the first division of a book is an introductory essay or preface. Were the chapter properly labelled no modern reader would peruse it at all. To dupe the unsuspecting into learning how, and why, and for what, this author incorporates his foreword into the scheme of the novel itself. Here in some cases the personal, in all cases the original, ideas of the novelist are set forth in language as strange as the subject-matter. Very often the first chapter need not be read at all to understand or enjoy the story. The prelude to *The Egoist* is entitled "A Chapter of Which Only the Last Page Is of Any Importance." In it one is introduced to "a certain big book, The Book of Egoism." Any ten lines of that prelude are sufficient to baffle the closest reader and average thinker the first time he reads them. The passage discusses science, art, comedy, tragedy, at times in the wildest terms, at other times in the homeliest metaphors. Many sentences are long and involved, some are apparently incomplete. The following passage does not yield much at a first reading:—

One, with an index on the book cries out, in a style pardonable to his fervency: "The remedy of your frightful affliction is here, through the stillatory of Comedy, and not in Science, nor yet in speed whose name is but another for voracity. Why, to be alive, to be quick in the soul, there should be diversity in the companion throbs of your pulses. Interrogate them. They lump along like the old loblegs of Dobbin the horse; or do their business-like cudgels of car-

pet thwackers expelling dust, or the cottage clock pendulum teaching the infant hour over midnight simple arithmetic. This too in spite of Bacchus. And let them gallop; let them gallop with the God bestriding them, gallop to Hymen, gallop to Hades, they strike the same note. Monstrous monotonousness has infolded us as with the arms Amphitrite! We hear a shout of war for a diversion. Comedy he pronounces our means of reading swiftly and comprehensively. She it is who proposes the correcting of Pretentiousness, of inflation, of dullness, and of the vestiges of rawness and grossness yet to be found among us. She is the ultimate civilizer, the polisher, a sweet cook. If, he says, she watches over sentimentalism with a birch rod, she is not opposed to romance. You may love, and warmly love, so long as you are honest. Do not offend reason."

*Diana of the Crossways* begins with a long account of Diaries, intelligible to only a few at first:—

Thousands have reflected on a Diarist's power to cancel our Burial Service. Not alone the cleric's good work is upset by him, but the sexton's as well. He hawks the graves, and transforms the quiet worms, busy on a poor single peaceable body, into winged serpents that disorder sky and earth with a deadly flight of zig-zags, like military rockets, among the living. And if these are given to cry too much, to have their tender sentiments considered, it cannot be said that history requires the flaying of them. A gouty Diarist, a sheer gossip Diarist, may thus, in the bequest of a trail of reminiscences, explode our temples (for our very temples have powder in store) our treasuries, our homesteads, alive with dynamic stuff; nay, disconcert our inherited veneration, dislocate the ultimate connection between the tugged forelock and a title.

For such peculiar style, both of thought and expression,—one can ask no better example of peculiarity than the parenthetical remark in the second quotation,—more than for art in story telling or for skill in delineation of character is Meredith renowned. For once at least a great master of English was famous during his own lifetime for his use of his mother tongue. To say that he is a maker of epigrams and aphorisms is not to say all. He can write short, sharp sentences with worlds of meaning in them, but he can as skilfully carry an idea through dozens of closely

woven labyrinthine periods. He can write clearly and forcibly as in *The Amazing Marriage* or poetically and ornately as in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. He began as a poet, and he preserved the poet's fancy for words, and the power to use them.

The term Decadent cannot be applied to Meredith as it has been applied to Mallarmé, for instance, for his style has not become deliberately abnormal. Poet and philosopher as he is, his mind does not work as do the minds of ordinary people, in usual modes of expression. In this respect he resembles Carlyle. It is but natural that a man who believes that "you may start a sermon from stones to hit the stars" should think in unnatural forms; as he thinks, so will he write. His style may be as self-conscious as the style of Carlyle, but it is living, pulsing, vibrating in every fibre. It has vigor, strength, vitality, as much "real red blood" as have some of his characters. Like them, it commands attention, it wins admiration. "Our language," he writes, voicing the truth we all know, "our language is not rich in subtleties for prose. A writer who is not servile, and has insight, must coin from his own mind."

This does not mean that a man is at liberty to coin words, it does mean that a writer must coin phrases, collocations, turns of expression. It is original to say in ten words something on which a chapter may be written; it is original to play with a passing remark until it becomes the theme for an entire chapter. This may lead some to believe that Meredith, like his own Mrs. Mountstuart, is "mad for cleverness." This he cannot be, if he speaks with sincerity in judgment of Sir Austin Feverel. "A maker of proverbs — what is he but a narrow-mind, the mouth-piece of a narrower?" "A proverb is a half-way house to an idea, I conceive." A few additional sentences from *The Egoist* further illustrate this opinion, an opinion that few readers will apply to Meredith himself if they recall all he has seen and described, thought and told:—

"You see how easy it is to deceive one who is an artist in phrases. Avoid them, Miss Dale, they dazzle the penetration of the composer. That is why people of ability, like Mrs. Mountstuart, see so little; they are so bent on describing."

In nearly every novel there is, however, some maker of sentences, some artist in phrases. Sometimes this thought and word juggler merely utters his gems; at others, like the most famous "improvisers," he jots them down. Most of these aphorisms and epigrams have been collected into a volume entitled after the manuscript of Sir Austin Feverel, *The Pilgrim's Script*. One need merely open any novel to find some sentence worthy of memory and quotation, or some other equally striking mark of the author's genius in handling words. Even in the late work, *The Amazing Marriage*, which critics hailed as a return to simpleness, there are such sentences as this:—

That meteoric, intractable, perhaps wicked, but popular, reputedly clever, manifestly ill-starred, enormously wealthy, young Earl of Fleetwood, wedded to an adventuress, and a target for scandals emanating from the woman, was daily, without omission of a day, seen walking Picadilly pavement in company once more with the pervert, the Jesuit agent, that crafty Catesby of a Lord Feltre, arm in arm the pair of them, and uninterruptedly conversing, utterly unlike Englishmen.

Because of this barrier against his reader, because of the friction between the mind and the material, Meredith attracts. First of all, his style is a challenge; then it becomes a game, a pursuit with all the imagined pleasures of the chase. The thoughtful person realizes at once that here is much worth getting, procurable if striven for. He returns to the book, and reads; but reading, thinks. He resembles young Beauchamp, who, picking up a book by Carlyle, can make little sense of what he reads, knowing nothing of what the discussion means; but he feels that there is something in the book, something he intends to worm out of it. So few works of fiction stimulate to thought nowadays that a book with bones to it is a good feast after much buttered toast and sweet deserts. There may be faults in such a style, for it knows no rules, it is confined within no limits, it is often not entirely clear, it is sometimes ambiguous, it often repels. But "so refreshing at times is his obstinate originality that one is almost tempted, when reflecting on the tameness of lesser men, to extol his faults as added virtues."

## III

The list of Meredith's novels covers a long period of years, a wide range of material. It begins in the middle of the nineteenth century with novels that remind us of those written by Thackeray; it concludes at the dawn of the twentieth century with studies unlike any books produced by contemporaries. The list makes an impression commensurable with that made by the titles of the works of the novelist's great poet brother, Algernon Charles Swinburne. It is the good work of a life. A statement made by an English critic recently may be correct: that after *Evan Harrington* had been published, and the public had failed to "make any recognition of a truly chivalric effort to pleasure it," Meredith punished it for its dense stupidity. "Just as Lamb said to himself, 'Damn the Age! I will write for posterity'; so Meredith began to think, 'Hang the public! I will write for Balliol and Trinity. I will keep my illumination for Benedick's college of wit-crackers, or the scholars' cloister.'" This does not lessen the greatness of the later works. Their very disregard of the desires of the fickle public taste, their very defiance of the "give-us-this-or-we-won't-buy" ultimatum, their very appeal to wit-crackers and scholars, to thinkers and educated men, make them all better now, will preserve them in the future from the fate of quick-selling novels. Their author, in refusing to watch his public, could fix his eyes more intently on his characters to reproduce them; could keep his mind more sincerely loyal to his own convictions to express himself. Lovers of Meredith are not disturbed by any reputation their author may be accorded; nor are they fearful that the lapse of years will diminish the stimulating influence of his novels in the minds of men and women, in the life of our slowly advancing society.

Stimulating these books are, as no mere stories depending on plot or incident ever could be. It is not that the day of great action is past, but because the day of greater thought has arrived, that swash-buckling romances, and tales of travel and adventure are now the first steps in the reading education of people, instead of the last, as was the case one hundred years ago, when literary fiction was furnished by Scott, Byron, and later Bulwer-Lytton.



It must be granted that in several of Meredith's novels there is an almost woful lack of plot, that in others there is no novelty of story. All this may be granted because so much remains to render these books worth reading, worth studying, worth thinking about. Great these novels are, not because of their stories, but because of their wonderful character delineations,—portraits of both men and women.

In these books the protagonists are not models, they are not ideals. In nearly all cases they are tragic-comedians, a class whom their describer defines simply as self-deceivers, overwrought egoists; men who have so little saving grace of humor that their self-centred minds take too seriously their own lives. They are all grand pretenders, so skilled in acting that they gaze at themselves with the eyes of spell-bound spectators, ready, only too ready, to applaud their graceful, mincing stepping, keeping time to what they consider the divine music of the spheres played for them, and them alone. Had these men any comic sense—one is tempted to say common sense—they would be consummate jesters, fooling the big booby of the world perhaps, but never without a twinkle in the eye, a twitch at the corners of the mouth, a toss of the head, to the other humorists who would notice and understand. Lacking this general ethical grace of humor, what follies these prim, correct, goodly men commit;—all of them, from Sir Austin Feverel, through Sir Willoughby to Wilfrid Pole. They are all aristocrats, too, unredeemed for their seriousness by any purpose of work and usefulness in the world; too well educated to be good animals, led by the demands of natural desire or repugnance. Their love even is not born of passion, of a desire for the flesh; but on some sickly requirements of good appearance before the world, amid the social circle, with the family. They would curb, restrain, deliberate, reason, consider; never so much as dreaming that one single hour of enthusiastic, nay, even rash, action is worth an age of sentimental dawdling. Beside these men sham and sentimentality stalk as the guardian angels of society. "Let us live," they might pray, "but make us weak enough never to violate propriety." So they are puling even in their sentimentality, carrying their practice of it further than women.

If the women of the world were only strong enough, only insistent enough, they might make such men see themselves as others see them. Their women admirers, their female educators might save them, for invariably a woman detects the weakness of the man she may at first merely like, or later, really love. After all her years of footstool worship, does not Letitia Dale know Sir Willoughby for what he really is? Is it not she rather than anyone else who furnishes the clue to her suitor's nature? Is it not she who pronounces the judgment of all men and women on his life, when she offers him the humiliation of a marriage without love? Not to ask other questions the answers to which are obvious, but to state other instances, it is Clara who first rebels against the stifling influence of the egoist. One uses the word "stifling" here as naturally as Meredith himself used it in describing the feeling Diana had for her first husband. That stilted paragon of modern knighthood, whom one almost prays to see impelled by a propulsion from the toe of Fate, Sir Austin Feverel, is understood by that long-suffering novice, Mrs. Blanchard.

All these men fail to win any sympathy for the same reason that they fail in their lives. They are not commonly human. All of them lack the comic sense. Though Meredith has been called "Shakesperean," the word cannot mean that he resembles the dramatist in his power of humorous situation or comic delineation. Meredith's ideal of comedy is different from that of the dramatist; in fact, from the usual ideal of all Anglo-Saxons who have acquiesced in following the great playwrights of the Elizabethan age rather than those of the Restoration period. Meredith's ideal may be gathered in part from *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*, *Tragic Comedians*; or more clearly from the *Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit* (1877). If one exclaims after reading some of the novels, "I feel as though some one had slapped me in the face," he will be pleased to find in this essay the sentence, "The laughter of satire is a blow in the back or the face." There is no denying that to appreciate what Meredith calls real comedy one must be intellectually trained. May it be spoken aloud? To really smile — one cannot laugh outright at genuine comedy — over Meredith's

novels one must be mentally somewhat aristocratic. No one can doubt this when he hears the novelist turned critic exclaim, "O for a breath of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Voltaire, Cervantes, Fielding, Molière!" His idea of true comedy is that exhibited by the satire, the comedy of manners.

Because these men, therefore, have not the satiric attitude toward the world, including themselves, they make us merely pity, without commiserating. It were a thousand times better for them that, lacking this spirit, they should be purely pagan and natural, for then they could be more sincerely, more consistently men. The frankly animal seldom shocks or repels a thinking man or woman. In these novels there is a refreshing acceptance of the flesh—not coupling therewith the world and the devil—and the power and charm of the flesh for men and women. An open-mindedness so free as this flashes a ray of pure white light on Richard with Lady Mountfalcon, on Beauchamp with Renée, on Diana with Dacier, on Matey in the water with Browney—all set in wonderful expositions of the charm of the sensuous and the sensual.

From these pages may be made a gallery of women to hang opposite the collection from the poems of Tennyson; beside the gallery from the plays of Shakespeare. One cannot think of any man in these books without recalling at once some woman as a result of whose life or character that man is developed into nobleness, degraded into indolence, betrayed into self-discovery. These women have been called "crucible" women—a rather degrading metaphor taken from a science that deals with gross materials to be applied to a life that reflects the spiritual and mental—because they try the men they come in contact with, try them in the fire to purify them, try them in the fire to reduce them to dross. Because of a girl Richard Feverel becomes a self-reliant man, while his father proves himself an unsympathetic misunderstanding hobbyist. Vittoria displays to the world—although never quite clearly to himself, more's the pity—the arrogance, the sentimental unsteadiness of Wilfrid Pole; Jenny makes Beauchamp quietly strong; Rose induces Evan Harrington to make a fool of himself over and over again; Clothilde spurs Alvan on to court his ruin. Lord Willoughby

owes his unmasking first to Clara Middleton, then to Letitia Dale. Vernon Whitford and Matey Weyburn, poor pedagogues though they are, are given the opportunity to show themselves true men because they have the approbation of two noble women. These women, all of them, to which many of the minor characters may be added, from the buxom, bustling Mrs. Berry to the faithful Madge, constitute a gallery that few novelists can equal.

At this point the figure breaks down, for these people are not mere portraits in a gallery; they are living beings in the everyday world—not outlined profiles on white paper, not flat flesh tints on canvas, not even daguerreotypes in cases, not crayons on the walls, not photographs in albums—they are women in the home, on the train, in the ballroom, in the parlor, at country picnics, in continental cities, in fact, everywhere. No one has ever suggested an illustrated edition of Meredith's novels. Could any artist improve our own picture of Mrs. Berry pulling off her own wedding ring for Richard to marry Lucy? Could any book illustrator draw for us Clara Middleton, "a dainty rogue in porcelain"? Who wants any more vivid picture of Lady Mountfalcon than the novelist himself draws? This power of the writer, this power of fixing vividness in words, of forcing reality into print, is so apparently one of his greatest merits that an entire study might be made of it alone. We believe this faculty to be keener at seizing fine shades, in appreciating subtleties of the characters and dispositions of women than it is in grasping these same things in the natures of men. Men's characters offer few chances of nice discrimination, it is true; and Meredith may not have attempted in this instance a feat he may have considered unnecessary. When he does need to delineate the delicate nuances of men's feelings he does it, we believe, better than other novelists, but not quite so well as when he treats women. Meredith approaches more nearly to Shakespeare through the characters of his women than he does through the characters of his men—though, of course, the approach in this single detail leaves a wide gap. We consider this statement more fitly applicable to Meredith than to M. Maeterlinck, of whom it has been unreservedly hinted by many reviewers, and positively asserted by more than one critic.

Realizing that it is an ungracious, as well as an ungrateful, task to group the characters of an author in distinctive classes nicely labelled, we believe that all readers can distinguish a change among people conceived by the same mind during a period of fifty years. We may not insist on any acceptance of the change we are about to indicate, therefore we shall do hardly more than indicate it. This development of the natures of heroines can be made plainer by a comparison with three women delineated by M. Maeterlinck. *Mélisande* in *Pelléas et Mélisande* loves naturally, simply; we shall add, thoughtlessly; yet none the less entirely, forgetfully, passionately. Joyzelle, in the drama of the same name, loves in all three ways except thoughtlessly. She knows what her love for Lancéor means, she really understands every word that Merlin speaks to her. Yet she loves naturally, simply, entirely, forgetfully, passionately. Monna Vanna is an older woman than either Joyzelle or *Mélisande*; she loved simply, naturally, thoughtlessly as a girl; but that love was long ago, was almost forgotten. When she loves again, she loves as a woman. She loves Prinzwallé not thoughtlessly, not forgetfully, not unknowingly.

The heroines of many of the novels of Meredith suggest a similar intention. Lucy in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* loves Richard passionately; this youth was all mankind to her. Even her maternity, to her only a part of her affection, she almost forgets, much to the pompous regret of Sir Austin. She is not unlike Tennyson's Elaine who died for love of Lancelot, though any comparison accords the superiority to the novelist. In both these sweet young girls there is only one love — the first desire in youth that can be satisfied only with what it demands, that can survive no loss.

The women of the later novels are foreshadowed by Diana who, according to the estimate already quoted from the book, has all the girlish qualities changing to those of the woman. She is endowed with all the impetuosity of the admirer, the steadfastness of the lover, but in addition all the knowledge, independence, intelligence of the mature woman. She furnishes none of the "sweet sensual excitement pertaining to her spotless rival"; her appeal is by another channel, "she



knocks at the mind and the mind must open to be interested in her."

It is through this same channel that the women of the later novels make their appeal. Their lovers open their minds to become interested in Clara, Aminta, and Carinthia, who love not alone where fancy leads; even before their hearts are aware of any choice being made, they pour out their wealth of affection before the men their own minds choose. Peculiarly each woman makes a mistake in a first choice; Clara is dazzled by the egoistic halo about Sir Willoughby, Aminta admires a far-off hero in Lord Ormont, Carinthia makes a supposedly brilliant match. They followed too blindly the advice of their romantic hearts, they did not love with enough mind. From the standpoint of the world, which considers only the material conditions of the men they later choose, how little romance, how small a chance for real love in a life bound with that of a schoolmaster, as Clara's and Aminta's are bound, or with the life of the widower of a former friend, as the life of Carinthia is bound! Not great matches, these, from a material aspect, surely;—but great in mutual confidence, in mutual sacrifice, in common purpose. These noble, clear-browed, straight-in-the-eye women must have beamed with a kindness, a quickness, a humor, worthy of Meredith's best-loved immortal, the Muse of the Comic Spirit herself.

#### IV

As Meredith has not clearly explained his idea of Fate we dare not read our own opinions into his utterances. For the future, he bids us strive on to some better condition of society, a condition he suggests by showing its need, not its nature. He would have all of us working like his own good teachers and schoolmasters, "plowing to make a richer world."

Pausing for an instant to apply Coleridge's dictum of æsthetic criticism, what are the portions of these novels that we recall most vividly, that we return to with greatest pleasure? The scenes that are remembered best are lyrical in nature, or in treatment—the product of the poet. Longest perhaps will remain that scene of budding love in Richard Feverel and Lucy.

Two other incidents from the same book come to mind; the winning of the hero by the beautiful erring Lady Mountfalcon; and Richard's lonely night in the German mountains, finding peace after storm in the sense of protection over the little coney. The passionate love scenes of Emilia will not soon fade away, contrasted as they are so vividly with Wilfrid Pole's weakness in affection. In *Beauchamp's Career* there is the beautiful dawn upon Venice. Finally, everyone who thinks of *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* feels the clasp of the waters and the warmth of the sun as Matey and Browney swim out to sea together.

It would be difficult to make an admirer of Meredith believe that he preaches a creed of pessimism, or loss of hope. What his faith is makes no difference, it has the spirit of true religion. Into the mouth of Diana he puts these comforting words for us to remember and cherish:—

“Who can really think, and not think hopefully? When we despair or discolor things it is our senses in revolt, and they have made the sovereign brain their drudge. There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by,—with that I sail into the dark; it is my promise of the immortal.”

CLARENCE STRATTON.

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## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

The idea has always prevailed that an attempt to acquire new knowledge is a sin against God; that knowledge is the exclusive right of Deity. Nowhere do we find this brought out more clearly than in the old Hebrew story of Adam and Eve, the story of man's first reaching after knowledge. For uncounted ages man has been reaching out, his hunger for truth overcoming his fear of God's voice; but it is only in the light of man's latest discoveries that we can begin to appreciate the meaning of this world-old passion for finding out the secrets of the Most High. It is only by the aid of that science which religion has so feared and condemned that we can find the deeper spiritual significance of this simple folk-tale told by a primitive people to explain the facts of life—temptation, sin, death, labor, sorrow, and pain.

It is a strange thing that the act which theology labels "The Fall of Man" was man's first attempt to become "as God." It is a strange thing that in the mind of the scriptural writer God's first "Thou shalt not" shut humanity away from the Tree of Knowledge,—the knowledge of good and evil, the knowledge which has brought man up from the beasts of the field and made him "a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor."

Yet this story, repeated perhaps through centuries of oral tradition, written down at last by some scribe whose name we do not know, is possessed of such wondrous appeal that millions of people of all times and races have accepted it as the Word of God. Why? Because there is something in the soul of man, whether he be primitive or modern, savage or enlightened, that responds, an inborn sense of guilt that makes him hide himself from his Maker.

And yet in strange contrast to this is the fact that man has always known that knowledge was man's right. Throughout all the ages the path of progress has been the path of knowledge, and the literature and history of all times have extolled wisdom and exalted wise men. How then shall we reconcile this con-

flict? Theology answers that it was not *knowledge* but *disobedience* that constituted the sin. But this only deepens our perplexity. Can it be that all the progress of the ages has been in defiance of God's first mandate? The brain reels before such a topsy-turvy theory. Modern minds cannot accept it, for the ever-widening revelation of the Divine Mind which the centuries have brought us shows Eternal Wisdom bringing cosmos out of chaos. With infinite patience God is teaching His children to read His Word, not alone in the Book of Books but in stones and stars and suns. The fear of truth is old, but it is not God-implanted. The craven spirit that bids us hide in the cleft of the rock until God has passed by, fearful lest we should see His face, is human, not divine. Let us read again this Eden story, not in the light of theology but in the light of the twentieth century, and see if perchance we may find in this world-old tale something of new interest and inspiration.

Man, as we now know, was not a special creation, lord of the beasts by divine right and citizen of Paradise. He was indeed the triumph of creation, but it was because, prompted by the Divine Urge within him that would not let him rest, he had pushed his way up from the slimy depths of the sea, across the sand into the forest, slowly, bravely, sometimes blindly and in despair, falling and rising again, fighting his way up through the brute creation until he had gained dominion over them and had one day emerged from the forest and stood upright before his Maker, no longer beast but *man*. God indeed "made man out of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul," but the process took a million years.

God's greatest miracles are not completed in a moment. The mind of man, crowning work of God's creation, was not made in a day.

Man's mind was the divine spark that constituted the difference between him and the beasts around him. From the first he must have been dimly conscious that there was a difference; that he had within himself something that none of them had; something big and masterful that he felt intuitively but did not comprehend. Very early he must have realized that his do-

minion over animals was because of his superior intelligence; very early he must have felt within himself the capacity for a wider, fuller life than they could ever attain. And instinctively this mystery which he felt in his own soul and the mysteries of the universe by which he was surrounded developed into a God-consciousness.

These aspirations, these longings of his spirit for a higher life, must mean that he, in a strange, incomprehensible way, was related to God in a different way from what the brute creation was. He felt somehow that it was his right to be the companion of God; to commune with Him, to enter into His presence as no other creature could. Yet by a barrier equally mysterious he felt himself shut away from God. And the thing that drew him God-ward was the same thing that shut him away, his moral consciousness. How did he explain this? Naturally enough, his mind groped back, seeking in the half-remembered past for a time when he had not felt this separation from God, a time of happiness and innocence when sin and struggle and death were unknown. And so he wove his thought into the beautiful story of the Garden of Eden, a story so wonderful that it took hundreds of years to develop and thousands of years to understand. It has taken man all the ages from Creation's dawn until now to understand that the divinity within him is potential; a vision of his future instead of a memory of his past; that the time for which he longs is ahead of him, not behind him; a time that never was but that perhaps will be.

We think of man's first sin as being some new act of disobedience which he committed for the first time. In reality it was the same act which he had always done, only, one never-to-be-forgotten day he saw the old act in a new light, *he knew that it was wrong*. Like one who climbing wearily upward from some dark pit sees a gleam of light which measures the heights above him but not the depths beneath, he had risen high enough to see how low he was.

It was not the Fall of Man, it was the Rise of Man. It was that most wonderful of all events, the birth of a soul.

As the new-born babe, feeling the chill of the air, cries out in pain and shuts its eyes against the blinding light of day, so the

new soul of humanity shrank from the consequences of its new-found knowledge. For "when moral good was made possible, moral evil was introduced. A knowledge of the one brings that of the other." Knowledge brings freedom and power, but it also brings responsibility. No wonder that primitive man looked back with longing to the time when he had not known good from evil and called it Paradise.

Freed from theological implications, looked at as a composite story, developed through many generations of a primitive people to explain their own existence and the puzzling facts of life, this old tradition takes on a new interest. Things which have always been taken for granted can hardly be found in the story and things hitherto overlooked assume significance. There seems to be no reason for identifying the serpent with Satan or with sin. The only quality that the text ascribes to the serpent is "subtility" or "wisdom." The reason for introducing the serpent as the tempter was probably because of its supposed wisdom and also to account for the inborn aversion and fear which has always prevailed between the serpent and mankind. In the happy time of innocence, according to the tradition, Eve felt no fear of the serpent. It was after this that God pronounced His curse upon the serpent, saying, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed: it shall lie in wait for thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel." Theology tells us that the serpent lied when he said, "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil." This interpretation directly contradicts the story, for the eating of the fruit was immediately followed by the awakening of moral consciousness and the acknowledgment by God Himself, "Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil."

Theology also tells us that Eve sinned because she yielded to the demands of her lower nature, but there is nothing of this in the story. The entire appeal of the serpent is made, not to the senses, but to the reason,—“Ye shall not surely die, but ye shall be as God.” And Eve's choice was essentially rational: “When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise,



she took of the fruit thereof." It was not an appetite of the flesh, it was a yearning of the spirit for a wider experience, for a fuller life. Animal gratification man had always had. It was his soul that had never been satisfied, that indeed never can be satisfied until, in the words of the Psalmist, it awakes in the likeness of God.

The Tree of Knowledge represents, as Schiller describes it, the transition of man to freedom and humanity, yet the advance brought with it more of pain than satisfaction, more of guilt than triumph. Truly there is no pain like that of a new idea. Man could not yet appreciate his own dignity, he could only feel his separation from God. No longer could he live the care-free, irresponsible life of the creatures around him; no longer could he blindly follow his own instincts with no thought of the moral consequences of his acts: he alone of all God's creatures, must distrust his own nature, deny his own impulses, restrain his natural passions. He must reason, must set one good over against another good and choose between them, and upon his judgment rested the decision of the question that has come down through all generations,—"What is good?"

This was the price that man must pay for manhood. Little wonder that it seemed to him not a price but a penalty. Overwhelmed with a new and unwelcome sense of his own responsibility, he felt that he had transgressed the bounds set about the mount lest men break through unto Jehovah to gaze; he had eaten of the tree whereof God had commanded, "Thou shalt not eat"; he had,—oh! fearful responsibility—become as God. It was no supernatural presence that confronted Adam that day in the garden: for the first time he stood face to face with his own soul. It was the revelation of his own divinity that terrorized him: it was his own frightened heart that prompted the awful question, "What is this thou hast done?" And the voice that drove him out of Eden was the still, small voice within: the voice that in all ages has urged man to leave his Eden of indolence and safety and go out into the wider world of achievement, the world of sweat and toil, of peril and possibility, the world of the fighting chance.

ESTHER BARSTOW HAMMAND.

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## TO MONSIEUR DE BIENVILLE, DEBTOR

There are many entries in the credit column opposite the name of Monsieur Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, for he was a dramatic personage who achieved much. In casting up this gentleman's accounts, it will be noticed that the picturesque items loom large. But there are also modest statements that deserve attention and offer interest, as, for example, the fact that it was Bienville who first recognized the need of providing for the education of the young girls of his Louisiana colony. A reckoning of all the debts that New Orleans owes her founder is a part of the acknowledgment which the city will offer when in this year of 1918, she celebrates her two hundredth birthday.

It was only eight years after the founding of *la Nouvelle-Orléans* that Bienville realized that the very success of his city had created two necessities: a hospital, and a school for girls. The desirability of segregating and caring for the sick had been plainly evident from the earliest days of the settlement, for the amphibious nature of the place made fevers a matter of course; and almost as inevitably, the vocation or avocation of all male settlers was fighting. Consequently, there was continuous need of a hospital, and a concomitant requirement of intelligent nurses.

The other matter that seemed obligatory was a school for girls: a need that is especially interesting in its unexpectedness. Less than a decade had passed, it must be remembered, since the founding of New Orleans; and this beginning was made on a land-and-water island a hundred miles up the Mississippi river, and furthermore in a part of the new world that had hitherto attracted explorers and adventurers rather than sober colonists. It continued to attract the transient seeker for gold or glory, and this natural drift of light and surface humanity was augmented by a prison and correction-house contingent from France. But somehow sober colonists, too, had come immediately and unceasingly to the new French city with the old French name, and in eight or nine years there were respectable fathers and mothers in sufficient numbers to demand authoritatively that

trained gentlewomen be provided as teachers for the daughters of the *principaux* of New Orleans. The education of the sons had presented no difficulty: they could be sent to France or, if the parents were poor, boys could attend schools conducted by the priests. But, says a chronicler, no mother would send her young daughters so far from home to be absent during the years when they most needed a mother's care; and the priests' schools were not open to girls.

Recognizing that the health of all his colonists and the contentment of the better and more stable classes must be preserved, Bienville determined to solve both problems at the same time by inviting a religious order of women to establish themselves permanently in New Orleans. Naturally enough, he thought first of the *sœurs grises* of his native Canada, but he was unsuccessful in his efforts to enlist their interest; and by the advice of Père Beaubois (the lately arrived Superior of the Jesuits), he next applied to the Ursulines of Rouen. Their ready acquiescence, however, was not the conclusion of the whole matter. The projected undertaking did not concern Bienville and the good sisters alone. The *Compagnie des Indes* must be consulted and persuaded and enlightened; and a formal treaty must be drawn up by the Company, submitted to the Ursuline authorities, and, if accepted by them, it must be signed by the officers of the Company and by the Superior of the Ursuline order in France as well as by the Superior of the little group of religious people who had agreed to go on the mission to New Orleans.

Now the corporation known as the *Compagnie des Indes* offers many a spectacular incident in history and economics; but in the arrangements with the Ursulines it appears prosaic only. The twenty-eight Articles of the contract are concerned with passage and pensions and the day's work: there is no recognition of spiritual ideals or ambitions, or of the unprecedented nature of the enterprise. A matter-of-fact reading of the Treaty makes the Company's point of view quite clear in regard to the projected school. Present-day New Orleans is apt to think that the reason for the coming of the Ursulines was primarily to teach girls; but the Treaty is a document in evidence to show that the

Company gave slight thought to that occupation. It was the hospital alone that interested the Company, as may be seen from the fact that only two Articles (a part of the Sixth, and the Twenty-fourth) out of the entire twenty-eight deal specifically with the education of girls. It is even especially enjoined upon the religious that though they may, when circumstances warrant it, receive boarding pupils, the Sisters in charge of the sick must never be detached from the hospital service. Clearly the Company intended the Ursulines to be sick-nurses, and if they should be teachers also, that occupation would be merely "for lagniappe," as we say in New Orleans to-day.

The Ursulines made no objection to the Company's provisions, and after a prodigal waste of red tape (one loop of which touched Cardinal Fleury and even Louis XV himself), the contract was concluded September 13, 1726. On February 23, 1727, ten Ursulines, two priests, servants, and a few workmen set sail in the *Gironde*.

That we know all manner of details in regard to the five months' voyage is due to the literary skill and the personal qualities of the Mother Superior, Sister Marie Tranchepain (delightful name), and of her secretary, Marie Madeleine Hachard, a novice at the inception of the mission but soon a member of the order. Both women had keen intelligence, an eye for significant detail, and a sense of humor. If, as we have been told, it is seldom possible to discover the time, place, and loved one forming an harmonious whole, it is equally rare that religious zeal, a sense of humor, and a literary artist are united. But spiritual enthusiasm, the voyage of the *Gironde*, and Mme. Tranchepain and Madeleine Hachard were made for one another. Things happened on that journey across seas, and the women who recorded the events or incidents knew how to observe, how to judge, how to put their impressions into written words. No day, apparently, was commonplace, but the happenings varied, of course, in degree and kind. Mme. Tranchepain may note mildly: "*Ce fut alors que chacun commença à payer le tribut à la mer*"; or she may observe that the regularity with which the soup upsets seems to be intentional; or there may be a good-natured gibe at the self-effacing novice (Madeleine Hachard, as

it happened) who carried the community principle so far that she persisted in referring to her own features as "our nose" or "our ear." But there are, too, pages that tell graphically of threatened attacks from pirate ships, of hurricanes; there are allusions to cannibal islands; there is casual mention of a scarcity of food and drink.

The little company probably drew a sigh of relief when the mouth of the Mississippi was sighted, though the entrance to the great river must have been then, as it is to-day, a depressing view. For some miles before the thin wavering gray line of marsh appears on the horizon, an incoming ship moves through heavy yellow water whose dullness of hue is especially noticeable after a voyager has for days been surrounded by the vivid blue of the gulf or the green blue of the Atlantic. The gray line on the horizon becomes steadier and finally resolves itself into a fringe of brownish-green rushes through which the muddy waters rise and fall almost as freely as out in the open gulf. At one spot the marsh separates to make a way, apparently, along which the insistent, heaving, tawny waters may sweep into the dim, mysterious wastes that are "land" only by geographical courtesy. It often appears, too, to be only geographical courtesy that permits the statement: "the Mississippi River flows into the Gulf of Mexico," for the tide rolls far within the level, tortuous passage grudgingly relinquished by the marshes. One would expect the mouth of as mighty a body as the Father of Waters to be an impressive sweep of open space through which a hurtling, spray-tossed current would burst with a deafening roar into the sea beyond. But, on the contrary, the Mississippi avoids a climax at its conclusion (though not averse to spectacular actions farther up its course), and the river slips into the gulf by five passageways so clogged with sandbars that it is a wonder the waters succeed in escaping at all. Nowadays, the jetties force the current to scour a channel through one of these passageways, but jetties are inconspicuous taskmasters and consequently have done little to alter the appearance of the entrance to the river.

Outside one of the passes the passengers of the *Gironde* waited until arrangements could be concluded for the last section



of the journey, which because of the sandbars at the entrance of the river must be made in small boats. To-day it is for the quarantine officer and the river pilot that we wait and, save for the little white cottage standing up on low stilts and the big white lighthouse on high ones, we see just what those long-ago pioneers saw: dun-colored waters beneath, blinding light above, and a flat, unchanging stretch of dullest green that reaches to the very edge of the world. The travelers left the *Gironde* gladly, we may be sure, though they left it to spend seven days in pirogues. To travel in a pirogue is at any time an uneasy experience for the amateur, but to travel in a pirogue piled high with wobbly luggage on which the passenger perches unhappily while someone stands and aimlessly (and, to all appearances, ineffectively) dips a paddle in the water is a real test of flesh, spirit, and specific gravity. Moreover, it should be remembered that the pirogues were being paddled against the current of the Mississippi river, and, too, that the trip was made in the month of August. There were days, so the records tell, of scorching sun and torrential rain; and nights spent on a land that was two parts water and a third part mosquitoes. But the Journal of the Mother Superior and the letters of her secretary do not dwell on discomforts; rather is the emphasis laid on the wonder of the broad yellow river and the strange, low-lying shores, where after the first two days moss-draped cypress trees began to take the place of the reeds and grass. And Madeleine can even speak tolerantly of the unceasing and ferocious attacks of *Messieurs les Maringouins*, or *Frappe d'abords*, as she calls the mosquitoes, usually adding a conjecture as to whether they really will succeed in "assassinating" her.

In the latter part of August, 1727, the Ursulines finally reached New Orleans, thereby concluding the necessary preliminaries for opening a school for girls in Bienville's city. The history of few schools can afford so interesting an introduction. This introduction should belong equally, of course, to the opening of a hospital, but it does not so belong because, in spite of the fact that the Company had definitely proposed that the hospital should be first and the school last, circumstances quite as definitely disposed that the last, in this case, should be first.



One of these circumstances, for example, had decreed that the *hôtel* of Bienville to which the religious were escorted by Governor Perier (Bienville had returned to France in the hope of justifying his management of the colony) should chance to be at the end of town farthest from the building that sheltered the "*pauvres malades*" to whom the benevolent Company had dedicated the services of the Ursulines; and it was absolutely necessary to wait until a residence should be provided near the hospital before complete and organized service could begin.<sup>1</sup>

But, on the other hand, circumstances also decreed that more than thirty girls should be desirous of being received as boarders, and that many day pupils should be waiting anxiously to take advantage of the Sixth and Twenty-fourth articles of the Treaty. The school was inevitably started at once, and, it may be added, expanded at once, for besides the expected well-bred pupils and the regular convent instruction offered them, negresses and savages were received every day from one o'clock to two-thirty and were taught French, religion, and something of what we to-day should call the rudiments of domestic science. At once, too, the Sisters took into their home an orphan whom they found in special need of protection; and they even sought to help the Manon Lescauts of the colony.

It is evident that neither climate nor strange conditions affected the energies of these extraordinary women. Only eight months after their arrival, Madeleine Hachard writes to her father that the Ursulines are carrying on the activities of four communities: of their own, of course; of *hospitalières*; of St. Joseph; of a Refuge. Furthermore, they were soon called upon to act as guardians for the *filles-à-la-cassette*, those completely respectable maidens who were carefully selected by the ever alert *Compagnie des Indes*, provided with a dowry, and then sent across the ocean and up the Mississippi (in pirogues) to be the wives of the single and worthy young men of New Orleans. Still another responsibility was laid upon the Ursulines when, in 1729,

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<sup>1</sup>The hospital work was begun before the first year of residence was over, and it was as faithfully performed as conscience, kindness, and the Treaty could ask. In 1770, a papal dispensation released the Ursulines from the hospital service.

a number of children orphaned by the Natchez massacre, were brought to New Orleans and placed in the care of the Sisters,—the Company paying for the maintenance of the children. The good ladies, it would seem, almost duplicated a modern university with its plethora of colleges, schools, and departments.

No doubt the curriculum of this first school for girls in New Orleans was simple enough, no doubt books were few; but it is always, of course, the teachers themselves that count most in preparing young people to live their own lives, and even the stupidest little girls must have absorbed something of courage, persistence, initiative, and cheerfulness besides the religious zeal which was the fundamental reason for the coming of the Ursulines to New Orleans. Both the stupid little girls and the clever little girls needed religious teaching, but it cannot be denied that additional acquirements are useful in pioneer communities. Girls married in those days at twelve or thirteen and frequently went with their husbands far into the wilderness where every iota of the convent training came into use,—the religious first of all, we may suppose (or hope), but also the lessons of character, of commonsense, and of good humor.

In the early days of the establishment of the convent school, no girl was allowed to marry unless she had received instruction from the Sisters, and to this requirement—a clear instance of compulsory education—is due the firm and lasting impression made by these first teachers upon the girls of this Louisiana colony. And it is interesting to note that the educational roads built so strongly by the Sisters led away from the convent: recruits to the order came for many years, not from the convent pupils, but from France.

The particular quality which these first New Orleans teachers established in the training of girls was a constructive element. It was this faculty that made Mme. Tranchepain and Madeleine Hachard not only mention but explain the new things they saw or heard of. They try to show just where New Orleans is situated; they collect the various names for the Mississippi; they compare strange trees and flowers with familiar ones in France; and they have much to say about food,—a subject of vital interest to all travelers and to this day an inseparable part of New

Orleans "copy." They often include recipes in their explanations; though the fashion of baking sweet potatoes in ashes could be of little service in Rouen or Normandy. It is the teacher habit, too, of getting at an underlying truth that makes one of these women assert that the real wealth of Louisiana lies not in gold or silver mines, but in her natural resources.

To make you make yourself was, everybody remembers, the main article of Mother Carey's treaty with her chickens. Circumstances prevented Mother Tranchepain from knowing anything about the Water Babies, but she had much the same idea as to development of character that Charles Kingsley emphasized in his book. This constructive ideal in the education of girls has persisted. There have been a good many opportunities of testing it, for the chances and changes of this mortal life have come in generous measure to Bienville's city, and generations of girls have adapted and altered themselves to fit an environment that had turned upside down or inside out, seemingly over night. Schoolgirls saw the colony exchange French rulers for Spanish ones; saw the French return, and then learned that New Orleans had been transferred again and that her citizens owed allegiance to a country far more alien than Spain, the United States. Moreover, many families were affected by the terrible uprisings in San Domingo and Haiti, and most families suffered in some degree from the epidemics that came again and again to scourge the city.

With the coming of the Americans, new elements in education entered: a new language, new text-books, and, most disconcerting of all, new ideas. It is readily understood, however, that these innovations were not accepted in their entirety by creole educators. The English language was tempered, the text-books interpreted, the ideas adjusted. The schools of the Ursulines and of other religious orders that had taken root in the colony continued to flourish (as they do to this day); but there came into existence in the early nineteenth century numerous private secular schools, both French and English, where educators of girls had full scope for all the inheritance of constructive ability that pedagogic tradition could furnish. They were remarkable institutions, those New Orleans private schools for girls in the

first three quarters of the nineteenth century. With their French emphasis on logic, philosophy, and the technique of composition; their Spanish insistence on detail and formality; their American appreciation of mathematics and embryo sciences; and with, most of all, the personalities of the instructors building more and more stately pedagogical mansions in which was preserved the continuity of ideals which the pioneer teachers had embodied,—with all this, they offer copy enough for a book.

During the first three score years of the nineteenth century teachers of girls in New Orleans knew that their pupils must, in many cases, become the heads of communities as varied in occupation as imagination could suggest. The wife of a planter was mistress of an establishment which, properly managed, demanded a great deal of concrete knowledge and an inexhaustible supply of executive ability. Besides the care of her family (always a large one), the mistress must exercise unlimited hospitality, must supervise sewing rooms where hundreds of garments were woven and made up, must keep strict watch over a storeroom which supplied both house and quarters, must visit and nurse the sick, and must watch over the morals and manners and recreations of perhaps hundreds of simple, childlike people. Constructive ability was at a premium.

It was these women who saw their world overturned in the sixties; who saw it demolished in the seventies. But they made their world anew. It was in their blood to construct themselves and their surroundings according to the material at hand, even though the making of their metaphorical bricks must be accomplished without straw. Somehow girls continued to be educated: the private schools revived, the public schools improved, and example and precept and tradition made girls "make themselves" better and faster than ever.

And then, in the later eighties, in 1887, there was organized in New Orleans a college for women. As a coördinate institution of a long-established university it was sure of a certain prestige, but even so, the founding of a modern college for women in a city of the peculiar atmosphere and traditions of the New Orleans of the eighties needed faith,—the sort of faith

Saint Paul defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." But there was no lack of faith and, moreover, it was fused with untiring, unselfish work; the college, furthermore, in accordance with local educational precedent, proved itself peculiarly hospitable to a grafting of old conditions with new theories. During thirty years a constructive force, impelled by the past, guided by the present, directed toward the future, has not ceased nor even paused.

To-day that college is orthodox in entrance requirements and curricula; it is academically correct even to a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and a place on the Carnegie Foundation. In so much is it a duplicate of any other first-grade college for women. But the student-body is not as easily duplicated. It is not only that they are organizers and executives to a woman,—most college women are that. It is something else,—an attitude to life. Back of these young people are nearly two hundred years of the hope and the gaiety of heart, and the labor and agony, and courage and sheer strength, of countless women of the past who preserved for countless women of the future the ideals of service to which the first teachers of girls in Louisiana gave life everlasting.

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## THE RHYTHM OF PROSE AND OF FREE VERSE

One of the first principles of the recent writers of free verse is that the long-used fixed forms hamper the poet's thought and conventionalize his originality. In their eagerness to assert their independence of predecessors, the weaker members of the school make poetry the mere jotting down of casual, very casual, thoughts in haphazard rhythm. This method of composition, without principles or standards of form, in reality hinders the development of poetic thought and feeling. The requirement of a certain sense of structure in verse forces the poet to contemplate his idea until it expands with all the richness and beauty he is capable of giving it. The first form in which a thought comes to a poet is usually just the material for a poem; complete freedom of expression tempts him to leave the thought undeveloped, so that he does not bring out all the poetry and feeling the theme really can inspire in him. A great deal of recent work seems to me to be really hints and suggestions, that would not appear so trivial if the poets had developed the significance of these hints. A comparison of some of Emerson's poems with the first drafts in his note-book is an interesting study in showing how the requirement of form made him develop his first idea. Here is a passage from *Seashore*, which is improved in both rhythm and thought:—

“Was ever couch so magnificent as mine? Lie down on  
my warm ledges and learn that a very little hut is all you  
need. I have made this architecture superfluous, and it is  
paltry beside mine.”

Was ever couch magnificent as mine?  
Lie on the warm rock-ledges and there learn  
A little hut suffices like a town.  
I make your sculptured architecture vain,  
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,  
And carve the coastwise mountains into caves.

I do not wish to argue that the forms of fixed verse are necessary for the development of poetic thought, but that some kind of form is. Free verse is a most musical vehicle for the expression of the poet's feeling, as Arnold, Henley, and Whitman have



shown; but with these masters there were always in view certain standards guiding their changes in rhythm.

Let us see by experiment and analysis whether we can find a few principles that may be useful to the modern writer of free verse. Let us try to determine whether the difference between prose and verse is purely a question of typography; whether we are all modern Jourdain, who have been talking verse all our lives without knowing it. Will the reader be patient enough to read the following passage of prose, trying to decide upon which syllables he puts prominent accents?—

Likewise had he served a year on board a merchantman,  
and made himself full sailor, and he thrice had plucked a  
life from the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas; and  
all men looked upon him favourably. He purchased his own  
boat, and made a home for Annie, neat and nestlike, half-  
way up the narrow street.

Now what is the difference between the passage as you just read it, and as you read it when it is divided into lines of verse as follows?—

Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:  
And all men looked upon him favourably.  
He purchased his own boat and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
The narrow street. [Tennyson, *Enoch Arden*.]

As soon as we see the passage printed in this form we unconsciously assume that it is written for verse, and feel that we read it differently. We instinctively try to arrange the paragraph in a kind of pattern which we did not give it before. Each line is divided into five apparently equal time-divisions, and the greater number of the divisions are read with two syllables each. That is, blank verse has an ideal pattern of what we may call duple rhythm repeated five times in each line, and the poet must fit his thought to this ideal scheme. But the usual grouping of the words that express his thought has a rhythm of its own—a prose rhythm. This does not exactly fit the ideal rhythmical scheme of verse. When we read verse we are conscious of

a struggle between these two forces. For instance, a reader of the prose passage might read,—

On board a merchantman and made himself,

with three accents and three time-divisions, but when the same words occur in blank verse he would probably give more value to the syllables *man* and *self*, or even, if he chose, accent them slightly to divide the words into five apparently equal time-parts, thus:—

On board a merchantmān and māde himself.

Again, the words of the fifth line would probably be read as prose in this manner:—

And all mēn looked upon him favourably;

and as verse in this manner:—

And all mēn looked upōn him favourably.

The accent on *men*, which is not required by the ideal verse rhythm, does not interfere with the division into five time-parts.

Sometimes the prose rhythm is so marked that it will not yield to the ideal verse rhythm. The phrase,—

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas,

would probably be read by most people in the same way either as verse or prose. We still feel five apparently equal time-divisions, but the rhythm is no longer evenly duple. Our ear, however, accepts this reading as an agreeable change from too constant a regularity.

Verse, then, has an ideal pattern, very largely subjective, of metre and rhythm, to which the poet must fit his thought. If the words fit into the pattern too perfectly, the verse is monotonous; good verse has a constant struggle between the sense of the words as brought out in the prose reading, and the ideal metrical and rhythmical pattern. In this struggle it is the yielding now of one force, now of the other, which gives variety to fixed verse. Prose, of course, having no such ideal framework, must gain its variety from constant changes in the rhythm itself.

Prose has rhythm as well as verse, though prose rhythm is more irregular, and in the ordinary kinds of writing more difficult to perceive. In both there is an approximate equality of time-intervals between stresses, but we are seldom conscious of this equality in prose reading. Furthermore, the lack of a definite rhythmical pattern, the jumping from accented syllable to accented syllable, and the slurring of whatever is between, cause constant changes in tempo in prose reading. The general tempo of average prose reading, or conversation, is somewhat faster than that of average verse reading.

Most readers would, in addition, bring out differences in intensity of emphasis and of pitch in prose reading and verse reading. Prose certainly has a much wider range in both these respects. All these elements—lack of rhythmical pattern and metrical pattern (i. e., the line unit), and a greater variety in tempo, emphasis, and pitch,—tend to obscure the time-parts of prose so that they are subjectively absent; therefore we cannot feel from reading ordinary prose the increased emotional effect which a consciousness of rhythm gives to language.

There is, however, a kind of fine dignified prose which has an emotional quality and a perceptible rhythm. The difference between the solemn measured cadences of Sir Thomas Browne or of the Authorized Version of the Bible and the usual reading of the prose of the newspapers is easy to perceive but difficult to analyse. The following passage from Ecclesiastes is a good example of "rhythmical prose":—

Remémber nów thy Créator in the dāys of thy yóuth,  
when the évil dāys come nót nor the yéars draw nígh  
when thou shalt sáy, I háve no pléasure ín them.

The first two words, in my own reading of the passage, start a duple rhythm; from *thy* to *evil* (with the exception of one foot) is in triple rhythm; the rest of the sentence (with the exception of one foot) is in perfect duple rhythm. "Rhythmical prose," then, we may say, has a slightly varied pattern, which is not superimposed by the addition of light accents, but which is brought out by the usual accent of the words. There is no struggle between the thought and superimposed form. There is,

too, in any good reading of such passages as the above from the Bible, a dignified measured cadence, an equality of time-divisions between the accented syllables. To make this clear, compare your reading of the passage just quoted with the following piece of prose:—

Be sure to go to the harbor at the time of the race, when the college men are there, for the town is full of fun and life, though somewhat noisy also.

The average reading of the two passages will have a totally different effect, and yet the distribution of the accented and slurred syllables is, in my own reading, exactly the same in both sentences. This may be made more evident by printing them side by side (the bars preceding the stressed syllables):—

Re-	member	now thy Cre-	ator in the
Be	sure to	go to the	harbor at the
days of thy	youth, when the	evil	days come
time of the	race, when the	college	men are
not, nor the	years draw	nigh when	thou shalt
there, for the	town is	full of	fun and
say, I	have no	pleasure	in them.
life, though	somewhat	noisy	also.

It is true that the succession of sounds, what is called vowel sequence or tone-color, is not at all alike, but the biblical passage has no words that are unusual, or remarkably beautiful in themselves, and the other sentence is at least free from harsh effects.

This comparison indicates that what we call "rhythmic prose" does not primarily depend for its effect upon the regularity of the rhythmic pattern, though the pattern does, of course, determine the particular character of the rhythm. The ideas of these two passages seem to require different readings. The emotional quality of one impels us to give it a measured cadence, to make time-divisions of our reading perceptibly equal. The lack of this quality in the sentence which merely conveys information makes us fail to give it a measured cadence, or even to bring out distinctly the rhythmic pattern.

That emotional content rather than rhythmic pattern is the important element in "rhythmic prose" may be brought out by comparing a wonderful sentence of Sir Thomas Browne that has no definite rhythmical pattern, with a sentence of a more practical, if less emotional, character. The distribution of the stressed and slurred syllables of both passages is, in the reading of the present writer, identical:—

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy,  
and deals with the memory of men without distinction to  
merit of perpetuity.—[*Urn Burial*.]

Through the extraordinary effect of the rise in prices we  
are bankrupt, and soon we shall sell at a considerable loss  
about twenty of our melodeons.

Here, again, the chief difference in the unforced reading of the two sentences seems to be in the greater evenness of the time-divisions into which our utterance naturally falls because of the dignity of sentiment in Sir Thomas Browne.

The manner of reading the two passages under discussion may of course be reversed. The biblical sentence, or that from Sir Thomas Browne, may be read flippantly by giving them the casual unevenness of time-divisions, intensity of emphasis, and of pitch that is natural to newspaper or conversational prose. The other sentences may be made broadly comic by incongruously giving them the dignified even time-parts into which we divide emotional prose. This second reading will have the absurd effect of much campaign speech-making, or the oratory of college debating teams, in which a change in the income tax is urged in cadences proper to the reading of the Ten Commandments.

Suppose we break the sentence from the Bible up into lines so that it looks like free verse:—

Remember now thy Creator  
In the days of thy youth,  
When the evil days come not,  
Nor the years draw nigh  
When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

The biblical verse now becomes a poem, or part of a poem, in the manner of the modern school. The only difference which printing it in this form can make is that most readers would

pause slightly at the end of each line, thus making the rhythmic units more distinct than when the phrases were printed as prose. This, in fact, is what the writers of free verse gain by beginning each line with a capital. The feeling that he is reading verse impels the reader to give more attention to rhythm than he does in reading prose. This is merely another indication that verse rhythm is to a very considerable extent subjective.

Now, if rhythmic prose and free verse are almost exactly the same thing, may we not deduce some useful principles for modern writers from the study of the masters of prose style?

One of the first points to be suggested is the relation of form and subject-matter. We did not read the passage about the crowd at the boat race in the same way as we did "Remember now thy Creator," and the authors of these ideas would not wish to have them read in the same way. If the passage about the race were printed first as free verse we should instinctively try to give it a dignified cadence that would sound ridiculous. Now recent "versifiers" have chosen subjects almost as prosaic, ideas which seem to need either simple statement, or a logical development in an essay, rather than rhythmic emotional expression. I know that a critic is on very dangerous ground when he dares to be dogmatic about the subjects suitable for poetry. But there is a great deal of modern work, of which parts of Mr. Lincoln Colcord's *Vision of War* may be taken as examples, in which the reader constantly feels that rhythmic rhetoric is usurping the province of rational discussion. The author seems to be evading the difficulties of unity and coherence which a logical essay on the subject would impose upon him. This criticism of the themes of free verse has, of course, often been brought even by Walt Whitman's admirers against his less inspired prosaic utterances. Another questionable subject for rhythmic expression seems to me to be the realistic character sketch of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters. The *Spoon River Anthology* contains some of the most forceful and revealing vignettes of human lives that recent literature has produced; but do they gain anything by the form in which they are printed? Is a rhythmic utterance which the form impels us to give them at all appropriate to the subject-matter?



Another point which a study of rhythmic prose brings up is that of variation in rhythm. As there can be no struggle between pattern and thought, as in fixed verse, the rhythms of prose or of free verse must have constant change to avoid monotony. Notice the displeasing effect of the following unvaried triple rhythm:—

Ethereal strength of the Alps, like a dream, that will vanish in solemn procession beyond the Torcellan horizon, and islands of Paduan hills that are poised in the gold of the west.

The flow of the passage as Ruskin wrote it is exquisitely varied:—

Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west.

A similar variation in the flow of rhythm from duple to triple may be seen in Whitman's *Mystic Trumpeter*, a poem that deserves much study from writers of free verse:—

Blow again, trumpeter! And for my sensuous eyes,  
Bring the old pageants—show the feudal world.  
What charm thy music works! Thou makest pass before me  
Ladies and cavaliers long dead—barons are in their castle halls—  
troubadours are singing;  
Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs—some in quest of the  
Holy Grail:  
I see the tournament—I see the contestants, encased in heavy  
armor, seated on stately, champing horses;  
I hear the shouts—the sounds of blows and smiting steel:  
I see the Crusaders' tumultuous armies—Hark how the cymbals clang!  
Lo! where the monks walk in advance, bearing the cross on high!

The rhythm of this passage—and we may say this of all good free verse—has more variation than that of fixed verse, and it has more opportunity for effects suggestive of the thought expressed. The rhythm of the last line quoted is an excellent example of this sort of suggestiveness. Mr. John Gould Fletcher, who has emphasized in one of his prefaces the importance of suggestive rhythm, often exemplifies it admirably, as for instance,—

The rolling and the tossing of the sides of immense pavilions  
Under the whirling wind that screams up the cloudless sky;

and again in—

Like cataracts that crash from a crumbling crag  
Into the dull-blue smouldering gulf of a lake below.

This change in rhythm to express a change in thought is, of course, a common stylistic effect in fixed verse, but there is not so much room to develop it as there is in free verse or in prose. Stevenson has used it very successfully in the following sentences:—

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings.

This striving for suggestive rhythms is of the utmost importance in the writing of free verse. It seems to me, in fact, that here is the chief advantage of free verse as a vehicle of expression.

This suggestiveness may be gained by not merely the more obvious imitation of sound or movement, as in the examples just quoted. A sudden change in a rhythm may have the effect of italicizing the thought in the new rhythm, so that the thought becomes subconsciously more suggestive. The two changes in the rhythm of the following from Henley might, I think, emphasize other effects quite as well if given to a different thought in another context:—

The river, jaded and forlorn,  
*Welters and wanders wearily—wretchedly—on;*  
Yet in and out among the ribs  
Of the old skeleton bridge, as in the piles  
*Of some dead lake-built city, full of skulls,*  
*Worm-worn, rat-riddled, mouldy with memories. . . .*

That is, as I have said before in regard to rhythmical prose, rhythm alone has no absolute objective quality apart from the association with the idea it expresses; it merely emphasizes and adds suggestion to the thought.

If we return to the passage quoted a moment ago from Whitman we find besides variation in rhythm a great variety in length

of line. The line, too, is determined by thought phrases. The long, constantly varying sweeps of rhythmical phrases in De Quincey's dream fugues are other examples of the musical effects possible by this medium. In contrast, one may mention the monotony of a page of rough, unrhymed dimeter or tetrameter that occasionally appears in the work of some of the newer poets. One of the greatest beauties possible in free verse comes from a climactic arrangement of lines, several long sweeps of phrases ending with short striking ones, or several short ones rounded out with the finality which long phrases give.

A parallelism of rhythm, with or without parallelism of thought, gives one of the finest effects in the prose of the Authorized Version. Why should not this be a means of ornamenting free verse? Here is an example from Ecclesiastes, printed in poetic form:—

For mān ālso knōweth nōt his tīme :  
 As the fīshes that are tākēn in an ēvil nēt,  
 And as the bīrds that are caūght in the snāre ;  
 Sō are sōns of mēn,  
 Snāred in an ēvil tīme,  
 Whēn it fālleth sūddenly upōn them.

By such effects of repetition and variation in rhythm and line length free verse may gain the advantage of a form of its own, and have the variety and ornament which fixed verse may gain through rhyme and through its ever-present conflict of prose and verse rhythms.

The poet makes a mistake when he tries to produce in free verse a conflict between the sense phrase and the line. Such a conflict is only evident to the eye. The ear cannot perceive the irregular lines of free verse as separate rhythmical units unless they coincide with the phrase. For instance, is there any point at all in the following line division?—

From Bundle's opera house in the village  
 To Broadway is a great step,  
 But I tried to take it, my ambition fired  
 When sixteen years of age,  
 Seeing "East Lynn" played here in the village  
 By Ralph Barret, the coming  
 Romantic actor, who enthralled my soul.

A successful handling of run-on lines in free verse is only possible when the line is made distinct by rhyme. This may be done either by an occasional echo of rhyme, merely occurring often enough to give a slight suggestion of form to the poem, or by a complete scheme of interwoven rhymes which builds up a real structure. This second plan Henley used with rare effect in—

Where, in what other life,  
Where, in what old spent star,  
Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,  
Were we two bird and bough, or man and wife?  
Or wave and spar?  
Or I the beating sea, and you the bar  
On which it breaks? I know not, I!  
But this, O this, my very dear, I know:  
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart;  
And things I say to you now are said once more;  
And, sweet, when we two part,  
I feel I have seen you falter and linger so,  
So hesitate, and turn, and cling—yet go,  
As once in some immemorable Before,  
Once on some fortunate yet thrice-blasted shore,  
Was it for good?  
O, these poor eyes are wet;  
And yet, O, yet,  
Now that we know, I would not, if I could,  
Forget.

Rhyme is an ornament which the latest versifiers have not quite rejected, but are inclined to use only when it suits their convenience. They should remember that the ears of their readers are trained in the old forms of fixed verse, and that whenever their work approaches the old forms, the lack of rhyme startles and disappoints us. The effect is not that of an interesting novelty, but of something crudely unfinished. An example may be found in the following, where the unrhymed last word of the stanza in the old accustomed "common metre" hits us like a blow:—

The days went by like shadows,  
The minutes wheeled like stars,  
She took the pity from my heart,  
And made it into smiles.

The freedom which leads to such unpleasant effects seems to me very unfortunate.

I have tried to point out a few ways in which the new movement in verse may, by a study of the rhythms of great prose, develop a finer sense of artistic effect. Free verse, like any other form of art, must have its principles. Haphazard expression without standards can never produce work of value. It will be a great pity for people who think their emotions interesting, to feel that they can write poetry between the newspaper and breakfast, now that poetry is easier to do than it used to be. Unless the modern school develops some principles of length and flow of rhythms, and some sense of grouping, of climax,—of form,—they will have only the temporary vogue of startling novelty.

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### "FATHER FRANZ"

It is not too easy at the best of times to tell fairly the life of one who has played long a leading rôle in contemporary history. It grows harder the closer one stands to his day. It is hardest when the short perspective is yet further twisted awry by partisan viewpoints begot of a world-reaching war. The kingly chronicle of the reign of Francis Joseph of Austro-Hungary should be attempted, however. It was a large part, in a drama more than merely spacious, which was filled by this royal player, who came to the throne of the Hapsburgs in the midst of storm and left it in the midst of tempest,—this "Father Franz."

Thus it was, and as "The Little Father," that he was known throughout his dual kingdom. The affectionate phrases suggested the man himself far better than the rolling titles which described him as "Ferencz Jozsef I, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Most Apostolic," and so down a long list which hailed the kindly old ruler as nine times King, twice Grand Duke, four times Margrave, and on and on till the appellations of high-sounding dignity totaled at ninety-seven.

For a period as long as the three score years and ten, biblically allotted as man's span from cradle to grave, had he sat upon the Hapsburg throne. In authenticated history there has been no longer active reign. One of the half-forgotten Pharaoh's ruled for ninety-three years, if dim tradition be believed, and Rameses II, the Sesostri of the Greeks, held power for a time quite exactly the same as that now to be assigned to Francis Joseph, close upon sixty-eight years, but in annals to be regarded as modern no monarch has held sway so long. The fourteenth French Louis is credited with seventy-two years, to be sure, but the personal power was actually his for but little more than a half century. Victoria was England's Queen sixty-four years.

It is not, however, merely as the longest reign in accurately historic chronicles that the era of "Father Franz" will be recalled to posterity. Not a decade in it but was crowded with the grim events of political tragedy. Time and time again had this Emperor-King seen Europe's map remade, not infrequently



himself helping in the remaking. He presided at the birth and death of the Dreikaiserbund, he stood as one of the international godfathers of the Triple Alliance, and he witnessed, with what misgivings one may imagine, the rise of the Triple Entente. He has waged war with France and with Italy, with Denmark and with Prussia; has stood more than once on the slippery brink of hostilities with Turkey, and his last moments were filled with the bitter thought of his country's hazardous part in a war far greater than all others.

Looking abroad from his throne on the Danube, he saw the French monarchy go down, the Second Empire rise and crumble, the Commune flare hotly up and the Republic of to-day rise upon its ashes. He saw the once all-powerful Papacy shorn of its territorial demesne, while a family of petty principalities was welded into a united Italy. He saw Catholic Spain, once the mightiest of colonial powers, lose the last of her dependencies in two hemispheres. He saw ancient Russia march steadily and stealthily across Asia, only to be defeated disastrously by new-come Japan,—whose very opening to the influences of western ways and thought he had witnessed,—and had he survived but a few months longer he would have seen these western ways crossing with unexpected roughness the ancient highroad of Czar-dom's self. He saw a new Greece come to life, and Balkan nationality struggle to its feet to humble Turkey, while in Turkey, as well as in that other venerable home of supreme absolutism, Persia, popular government fought its way to first beginnings, which, if not themselves of great force, are yet pregnant with sure promises of future power.

Victoria and Edward VII, Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel, Wilhelm I and Bismarck, Cobden and Bright, Garibaldi and Cavour, Pius IX and Leo XIII, Thiers and Gambetta, Disraeli and Gladstone, Lincoln and Grant, these were among his world-shaping contemporaries on the wide stage of current history,—and he follows them all to the grave. In his death do we not witness, unregretful, the beginning of the end of a yesterday's regime, itself passing?

Born in the Schönbrun Palace, Vienna, on the 18th of August, 1830,—when Andrew Jackson sat in the White House and Louis

Philippe and William IV were being installed in power in France and England,—Francis Joseph ascended the steps of his imperial throne December 2nd, 1848; a slim, beardless youth of eighteen, called untried to make a success of a precarious rule where two experienced men had signally failed. Although it is the general belief that he came to the plenitude of his popularity only in the latter half of his long reign, this is not fully in accord with the facts, for from the day he entered Vienna, a boyish figure riding through crowded streets, in which the din of civil strife and battle had only just been stilled, to bring his people a new constitution, he held a special place in their hearts. The storms of 1848 had brought Austria face to face with dismemberment. They had wrecked the Metternich system, and had threatened not merely to terminate the reign of Ferdinand, but to subvert his dynasty as well. But the excesses of the Viennese mob and of Hungarian rebels produced a temporary reaction. With Ferdinand's abdication disloyalty disappeared. The natural attachment of the Austrians to the ruling family revived, and it was amidst scenes of deep emotion and real enthusiasm that Ferdinand's nephew assumed the responsibility of governing the most heterogeneous empire in Europe. He was practically unknown, but his pale, handsome face and gallant bearing won the spontaneous support of his subjects.

In that "Year of Revolution," political conditions on the Continent were almost fluid. Germany was still a loose congeries of states, with Prussia not yet risen to greatness through the genius of the "obscure dreamer" Bismarck. It seemed probable that the freshly crowned Austrian Emperor, direct successor of the Cæsars, would become leader of the whole Teutonic world. Did he not, too, hold in his grasp the fortunes of dismembered Italy? His domain reached beyond the Alps, Venetia and Lombardy were under his sway, and the rest of the boot-shaped peninsula was but a house divided against itself. All told, it was a state of affairs as promising to the adventurous as precarious to the inexperienced. Did the young ruler sense no less when, that December day, he turned to his father, the Archduke Franz Karl, second son to old Francis I, and said, "Good-bye to the joys of my youth." He spoke more truly than he could have guessed.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" were to fall so fast about him as to blunt even Hapsburg pride. "Francis the the Unlucky," as he came to be called, learned in the hard school of long years of external aggression and internal dissension the true value (or the entire lack of it) of kingly power and personal prominence.

The story began with domestic disorders. For centuries Austria had been cursed with a war of nationalities. Francis Joseph had come to the headship of a state that was less a nation than a warring medley of well-nigh a score of separate peoples, each cherishing its own peculiar tongue and customs, each overweighted with pride of race and love of freedom which thought ever of community and never of country. Again and again it seemed in those early years as though the amalgam was in the melting pot, but again and again the catastrophe was averted. The policy of the young monarch was compounded of a strength often ruthless and a flexibility usually sagacious beyond his years. If there was the dark incident of the sacrifice of the scapegoat Benedek, after Sadowa, there was, too, the timely cession of the Italian provinces. There was, again, genuine cession to Hungarian demands, as well as that earlier ferocious putting down of the Hungarian revolt.

The fire of liberty which Kossuth had kindled had sprung, almost over night, to a flame beyond all the power of the empire to check. Only with the aid of a Russian army were the southern patriots defeated, and as their great leader fled to our shores repressive measures of such hideous cruelty were put in force that even Turkey's Sultan entered protest. It is hard to say just how far the Emperor himself was responsible for this. Barely out of his teens, not yet a full year upon his throne, largely under the reactionary influence of his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, it is probable that even had he wished he would have found himself unable to control such men as Windischgrätz or the "Butcher Haynau"—afterwards to meet inadequate punishment at the hands of the London brewer men. Surely, however, the Emperor was blamed, rightly or no, and the curse hurled at him by the Countess Karolyi, whose son had been one of the victims of the uprising's repression, was to

come fearfully true: "May Heaven and Hell blast his happiness! May his family be exterminated! May he be smitten in the persons of those he loves! May his life be wrecked, and may his children be brought to ruin!"

Not even in Greek drama is there so fearfully consistent a portrayal of man pursued by inescapable Fate as in the story of this actual life. There was the tragedy of the Square of Queretaro, when his brother Maximilian was shot by the New World republicans, who opposed the setting up in Mexico of the imperial regime which Old World diplomats had planned. There was the following tragedy in the Vatican corridors, when Maximilian's beautiful wife, Carlotta, lost her reason as she pleaded vainly for Papal aid. There was the tragedy in the hunting box at Mayerling, when the Emperor's sole son and heir, the Crown Prince Rudolph, perished in his shame. There was the tragedy of September, 1898, when the Empress "Elizabeth the Good" was struck down by the dagger of a Genevan assassin. A niece was burned to death in Vienna; a sister-in-law met the same dreaded fate in the Paris bazaar fire. His favorite grandchild married against his wishes, and her love ended in the shooting of her rival. And there were other blows, stinging and mysterious, such as the disappearance of "John Orth"—a grief that weighed upon the Emperor to the very November day, which closed his life.

None conversant with present-day Austria fails to know that in the matter of court scandal, gossip had by no means spared the Emperor-King himself. It is said that once, some dozen years ago, a certain Archduke, rebuked by the ruler for behavior of some worse-than-usual sort, retorted in "Tu quoque" fashion by addressing his monarch as "Herr Schratt." No one missed the reference, for Frau Katherine Schratt, formerly of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, had been the venerable man's confidante since the early nineties. Until shortly before her death the Empress Elizabeth and Francis Joseph were estranged, and Frau Schratt had usually been blamed.

As if to round out so heavy a fate as lay wrapped in all of this, Francis Joseph died as the whole of Europe is fighting to decide whether the fabric of Austria's political power shall long

survive him. This conflagration, moreover, which now has swept across sixteen Old World nations, then reaching west to set five New World states in flames, was lit by that latest of the Hapsburg tragedies, the assassination, in June of 1914, of the heir to the throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, during a visit to Bosnian Sarajevo. When word of the mad act of Prinzip was brought to Vienna the old monarch is said to have cried out, "Is nothing to be spared me!"

So the long black cycle of sorrow and scandal ended as it had begun, with a murderous attack,—for, in 1853, the life and reign of Francis Joseph were almost cut short by the knife of a journeyman tailor, Janos Libeny, who sprang out on the Emperor from a recess whilst he was taking a walk on the old ramparts of Vienna. The Emperor owed his escape to the stoutness of his collar and to the energy displayed by his companion, Count O'Donnell, who seized the assassin and held him until help arrived.

That incident set Francis Joseph thinking. Something was radically wrong when men so hated a government—perhaps a more understanding treatment was what these diverse peoples needed, and less of the iron hand. So he set himself at learning all the seventeen languages spoken in his domain, and began to try to reach a sympathetic appreciation of the complex problems which faced him on every side. From that day the influence of his mother waned. The monarch grew steadily, if slowly, more and more liberal in his views. When, in 1854, he married the broad-minded Elizabeth he was but confirmed in his wisely altered policies.

At the time of that wedding Austria was at the height of her power; but decline soon began. The struggle for a united Italy was entering on its final stage, and, in 1858, Napoleon III, in pursuit of his tortuous diplomacy, joined hands with the King of Sardinia against Francis Joseph, and Magenta and Solferino spelt the loss of rich Lombardy. Eight years later came another crushing blow. Prussia, feeling herself strong enough to dispute the Teutonic supremacy she had allowed Vienna in 1850, used the complicated Schleswig-Holstein question to bring war against Austria. In seven brief weeks the genius of Moltke had won Sadowa, and Bismarck could dictate what terms he liked.



Two facts stand out. That Austria's aspirations of control over the destinies of the German-speaking peoples was forever lost is evident; it is not so usually recognized what tribute lay here to "Father Franz's" hold upon his people. A man less loved would have been driven from his throne by Solferino and Sadowa. On him these defeats conferred only a deeper, popular affection. Let it be realized, too, that it was mainly due the Emperor's own influence that peace with Prussia was so promptly made. The impression made on his mind by this brief but sanguinary struggle, completing that of 1859, was to increase his horror of war. In a military state the head of the country cannot pronounce himself against the army, but Francis Joseph resolved that so far as he could help it there should be no more wars for his people in his time. He succeeded in giving his country over forty-five years of unbroken peace, and on several occasions, as everybody knew, war was averted only by his personal intervention and fixed determination. To refer to such a one (as was done not infrequently at the outbreak of the present conflict) as "the man who made the war," is to sacrifice accuracy on the altar of phrase-moulding. Officially, with the quarrel between Austro-Hungary and Servia affording a pretext for the first moves in what has become a world struggle, Francis Joseph may be held to blame, but accurately the hideous fault lies elsewhere.

In Vienna itself already are they convinced of something of the kind. There was a story occasionally heard there (so Mr. Penfield has come home to tell) which relates how the Emperor-King died and presented himself for admission at Heaven's gate. Peter barred the way. There was no place found for one who had set the match to so vast an explosion. "But I didn't do it," pleaded the applicant. Then the Sainted Porter showed him the very documents he had signed, — and he muttered sadly: "Oh, yes. Now I remember. Those are the papers Tisza put before me with an assurance that they were all right. I never read them."

To return to the work which the man had done for his dual kingdom. The same year marked in the red characters of Sadowa witnessed the signing of the *Ausgleich*, by which Hungary came



into repossession of that ancient, never-abandoned right of her own Diet, sitting at Pest. Then the land of Kossuth was formally recognized as a separate kingdom, with her separate ministry, bound to the northern states only through joint-ministers for foreign affairs, finance and war, and through her already appearing affection for the ruler of both countries. Now was he actually crowned their King with the historic diadem of St. Stephen, and far indeed was it from an empty ceremonial to this proud people.

From this time dates the popularity of Francis Joseph with his Hungarian subjects. Often enough, since that memorable day, have Austrians and Hungarians stood with daggers drawn; time and again it has seemed the dual monarchy must be rent in twain. But out of every crisis this personal popularity of the Emperor-King has carried him safely, even as only the other day (it seems), when the Budapest Parliament denied the right of the Crown to call out the reservists. The matter rested deadlocked till "Father Franz" threatened to abdicate as King of Hungary. That carried the government's point without further resistance.

Whatever critics of Austro-Hungarian stability may say to the contrary, federalism, for the inception of which the whole credit belongs to Francis Joseph, has gone far toward solving the worst of the national difficulties. That, along with the amazing growth of racial equality in the realm, may well be held the outstanding feature of the now-closed reign. The growth of individual liberty, too, has been remarkable. In 1848 the Austrian subject was amenable to a law that belonged to the Middle Ages. Maximilian and Charles V would have seen in it their own handiwork; Cardinal Granville would have pronounced it strictly orthodox. Francis Joseph gradually cut away from this system the privileges and the prejudices of church and caste. All traces of feudalism have gone. The noble has the same obligations as the peasant. The tiller of the ground is no longer a vassal. In the courts all are equal, cases must be heard in public, the right of appeal is admitted, torture has been abolished, corporal punishment is no longer inflicted in the army. In social relations church law has been displaced by that of the state.

The admission of the Jews—that great people who have neither dynasty nor constitution to hold them together, and yet who are so edifying an example of union to all the world—to an equal position as men with Christians provided the final proof that Austria had shaken off the bondage of an age gone never to return.

The war with Prussia and the establishment, a dozen years later, of the Triple Alliance with the German Empire and Italy, fixed distinctly the European status of Austro-Hungary. If the part it played in Continental affairs thereafter seem somewhat secondary, yet was it an important part, and above all, a peaceful one. So ran the two score years, from 1869 to 1908, when the Dual Monarchy took a step which startled the whole diplomatic world. The Young Turks had just struck their successful *coup*. Abdul Hamid had become a figurehead. Ferdinand, "the Crafty," had grasped the skirts of happy chance and declared Bulgaria a free kingdom, with himself its Czar. And the very next day (October 6th, it was) the aged Emperor-King issued a decree formally and permanently annexing the Bosnian and Herzegovinian lands, where, since the Berlin treaty of 1878, Austro-Hungary had ruled as official care-taker for Europe's Powers. It was obvious expediency, with the fittest psychologic moment cleverly chosen, and if war did not follow, it was due only to a restraint on the part of Europe's political leaders which a generation earlier would have been impossible. Even so, it was a narrow escape,—and meanwhile the Dual Empire had achieved a long step in the direction of that coveted port at the head of the *Ægean* Sea. It had been a large gain at small cost, as Vienna looked at it, but in no other capital (unless, perhaps, Berlin or Sofia) was the adventure seen in a light that could be called admirable. And "How came it," was the general question, "that such a move originated with or even had the endorsement of so correct a diplomat as Father Franz?" The answer now accepted is that it was not his plan, but that of the then Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister von Aehrenthal, an opportunist of Bismarckian ideals if not of the Iron Chancellor's capacity, and that it was carried through, over the aged Emperor's unofficial protests, by the aid of the ultra-ambitious Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

Again war seemed scarce below the horizon during the Balkan upheavals of 1912-1913. Thousands of troops were concentrated along the twisting Austrian frontiers, and it looked as though any moment might see the firing of the train which should start the flames of war sweeping across the Continent. It is believed to-day that most of the credit for then averting hostilities was due to Francis Joseph, who insisted, despite the suggestions of his ministers, on conducting negotiations personally and directly with Czar Nicholas.

To write that a man who could tide over such times was popular, is to set down the obvious; he was loved as a father is loved by his children. He himself, too, was genuinely affectionate, and as democratic as loving. With a title ranging back through the centuries to the monarchs of the Holy Roman Empire itself, crowned with the identical tiara which had been set upon the head of Charlemagne in 800, Francis Joseph was yet as much "of the people" as any republican president: frank in manner, free of speech, simple and unaffected. None was more keen to attack the snobbery always to be met with in a large and ancient court. To a nobleman who had expressed distress because he knew so few whose lineage enabled him to associate with them on equal terms, the Emperor-King once said: "Were I troubled in that particular I should have to seek my friends among the dead Hapsburgs, down in the crypt of the Franciscan Church at Vienna."

The democracy of the man was constantly cropping out. Once, when plans were laid for a trip into some out-of-the-way corner of the quarter of a million square miles subject to him, word came from a titled landowner begging the privilege of setting his home at the monarch's disposal. But "Father Franz" preferred the village inn, and said so. It happened that there was no inn, however,—this was before the advent of the automobile, when there was little or no travel along those ill-made mountain roads,—so what did the nobleman in question do but transform his villa into the nearest approach to an inn which circumstances would permit, and when the Emperor-King arrived it was to all seeming a veritable inn, at which he was entertained in just such a simple way as he most preferred. There

was a sign out over the road, "The Emperor's Head," if legend is to be trusted, and the "servants" performed their duties none the less thoroughly because each owned a title and an estate with servants of his own. Of course, the secret had to be told, but not till the masquerade had been played through to its natural end, and then Francis Joseph laughed as heartily as though he had never been hoodwinked.

Another good story is told of his democracy. It was again an occasion of some journey or other, and again the territory traversed was so far back from main-travelled ways that few of the scanty inhabitants had ever seen their ruler. One such, an inn-servant named Anton, deserted his post, during a moment's lull in work, and ran up the road to a hill-top, whence he hoped to catch an early glimpse of gay uniforms and spruce outriders. To him suddenly appeared an oldish gentleman, a-horseback and unattended.

"Where is the Mako Inn?" inquired the newcomer, but instead of an answer he received another query in return for his:

"Have you seen the Emperor?"

Amused, the stranger said he had seen him very recently indeed, "just back in those woods."

Anton doubted the truth of such a statement so calmly made, and demanded: "Are you sure you know him when you see him?"

And "The Little Father" merely replied: "I certainly ought to; I've shaved him often enough."

The sequel, when Anton at last discovered the truth, is not of record, which is a pity, as the chances are he received something handsome in the way of an imperial gratuity.

Splendidly generous the Emperor-King has always been indeed, his first lesson in that royal trait having been given him when a boy not yet five, and by no less a teacher than his grandfather, Francis I. The two were walking together on the terrace at Schönbrun, when the little fellow asked if a sentry, standing near, was very poor.

"Why should you think him poor?" asked the victim of Marengo and Austerlitz, and then, when he learned that the prince's reason was no better than that the man had to go on duty, he

went on to dwell upon the dignity of labor and the call to duty which all men, rank forgotten, had to answer. Then he added: "But I dare say the good fellow would value a gift; run over and give him this."

Tiny Franz, holding up to the six-foot grenadier a crisp new bank note must have been a delightful picture,—but the note was refused. It was to a serious-eyed boy that the Emperor explained how regulations forbade a soldier taking money, but the eyes grew brighter when, ignoring rules and charmingly regardless of example, he went on to suggest that the note be put into the sentry's cartouch box. Even then the plot threatened failure, for five-year-old could not reach so high as the the belt line, but grandfather lifted him up, aiding and abetting crime,—and the sentry never so much as smiled!

From that day forward Francis Joseph gave freely and constantly, throwing his influence, as well, in the scale of encouraging all others who could to "go and do likewise"; as was instanced, to quote but a single example of many, when, at the time of his eightieth birthday, he requested that no festivities be held, and that whatever money might have been subscribed for that purpose be devoted to charity. He was ever mindful, too, of public ends: parks and libraries and theatres. The imperial servants were substantially remembered on the ruler's "Name Day," and all the world knows of that picturesque Maunday Thursday ceremony, kept alive since the time of Charlemagne, when a dozen poor folk ate in the palace court-yard, while "Father Franz" himself washed their feet; an observance always followed by broadcast gifts of dinners and gold pieces.

Another custom of the Emperor, on the occasion of certain religious festivals, was to walk bareheaded through the streets of Vienna from the Hofburg to St. Stephen's Cathedral. Ten years ago his people would greet the dignified figure with cheers and more or less vociferous evidences of love. Lately, as they perceived the evident burdens which Time had brought, the noisy salutations gave place to a silent yet perhaps more heartfelt greeting. There are those who say Francis Joseph did not build up any tradition of real loyalty. It may be so. Certainly, how-



ever, he had been both architect and mason in the erection of a tradition of genuine affection.

Beautiful Schönbrunn bespoke clearly the simple tastes of its royal master. Gorgeous it was in all outward splendors, but these vanished as soon as the privileged visitor had left behind the salons and corridors where Austria's official world met and mingled, and entered the apartments of the ruler himself. He slept on a regulation camp cot; no carved and canopied couch for him. He walked across to a washstand of severe military pattern on a strip of carpet; no inch-deep rug or porcelain lavatory. The only piece of noticeably fine furniture in the rooms was an inlaid writing desk, once given him by Elizabeth, and the only ornaments were gifts from her and her children. Usually the Emperor wore a fatigue uniform, with cap to match; once only did he appear in royalty's too-usual "frock and top-per." That was in Paris, in 1867, when he attended the Exposition with his wife, and he is reported to have announced then that never again would he repeat the donning of "such utterly ridiculous and foolish garments." The tall, gaunt figure rode unguarded through the streets of his capital, bowing to salutations in a way eloquent both of the man's own democratic kindliness and the inherent Hapsburg reserve, intensified of later years by personal sorrow. And none knew the Viennese so well as he. When there was rioting in the city, once on a time, and a cabinet adviser proposed the quartering of two regiments in the centre of the disturbances, the Emperor said: "Bah! Send them the Imperial Band." All that night the band played and the people danced, to seek their homes in the early hours and sleep off anger.

As was to have been expected, the aged Emperor was a man of much personal charm of manner; of delightful courtesy and genuine sympathy. The Countess Castlenau, for years one of the little suite in close attendance on the beautiful and unfortunate Eugénie, quondam Empress of the French, says that that former majesty ever retained the deepest affection for Francis Joseph, whose princely homage had completely charmed her from the day of their first meeting. She called upon her "Cher Cousin" at Ischl, at the time of that birthday which marked for



him his four-score years, afterward relating of that visit: "His Majesty the Emperor has the noblest soul! — a heart of marvellous kindness! When he stooped to kiss my hand, when he addressed me, and the soft word '*Majesté*' fell from his lips, my whole past and all my mourning seemed gone, and my weary mind revelled in sweet illusion. For some instants I felt as if I were once again Empress. My dear friend's imperial bearing suggested I had never lost a throne; his look met mine as that of a fellow sovereign."

Almost to the last, Francis Joseph lived the busiest of lives. Rising usually at five-thirty, with a cup of coffee and a slice of unbuttered bread to begin the day, he would take a brisk walk in the gardens, and then spend an hour over his morning's paper — a sheet prepared for his inspection of clippings from the leading journals of the Continent, gathered by secretaries and chosen according to his own instructions as to subject. After a more formal breakfast, came the audiences at the Hofburg, audiences, be it added, of most informal character, the Emperor-King meeting personally and often alone any of his subjects who had proper business to bring before him. Leaning easily against a little table near the east-looking bay of the great hall (a table now historic) he would literally "talk things over" with these callers, speaking, as need arose, Italian, or Bohemian, or Polish, or Austrian, or Hungarian.

Then came a luncheon of soup, a boiled meat and beer, and then conferences with his officials, the examination of reports, and the signing of necessary documents. Dinner was early and brief, and later might come the opera or a play, with comedy preferred. If the day ended at home, 10 o'clock often found the monarch abed, with a single glass of old sherry for "nightcap."

As this would show, the man cared little for books. Yet he was well informed, even in matters often held as more scholarly than practical; that he was a linguist of rare attainments has been said. His favorite forms of amusements were mountaineering and orchid raising; he had a hearty dislike of all card games, and actually hated motor cars. Each year brought the octogenarian a week of shooting, each day brought its hour of gossip with Katherine Schratt, and that was the whole story.

Francis Joseph's make-up was distinctly human. "Great" he may well be called, and in a proper sense of an abused word, for he held an important place in the international world and filled it with high ability always, and a wise discretion usually. It would be an exaggeration to describe him as a political genius, but he had clearly that shrewdness of perception, that skill in dealing with men, which can work marvels, oftentimes where genius fails. But after all "human" most accurately sums up the memories of him which long must linger over Europe.

They tell a charming little story of the old monarch which, in its moral, comes fittingly as a last word. A death warrant had been brought for his signature. For a long moment he looked at it steadily, and then began slowly to write his name at its foot. As the letters took shape a tear fell and blotted them,—and the Emperor-King laid down his pen. "Tears wash out every sin," said he to the waiting official. "I cannot sign this. See how my name is blurred beyond the reading. The warrant has no value. Go, say that the fellow is free."

In the eyes of loving subjects, the tears of Francis Joseph years ago washed out his sins.

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## THE ÆSTHETIC THEORY OF EDGAR POE

It is now a long time since the personal fogs that clouded a true estimate of the genius of Edgar Allan Poe have lifted. Intelligent Americans no longer assert that because Poe's life was a loose one, his influence as a story-teller should not be a source of pride to his fellow-countrymen. The nation that Baudelaire stigmatized as gas-lit has outgrown that primitive state. We have learned to appreciate the artistic soul for what it is, without considering, save in a subordinate manner, the tenement of clay it inhabits. The *frisson nouveau* that Poe taught France through Baudelaire was not merely a new shudder, it was well-nigh a new literary device. Certainly it was the germ of an entire literary school, for however much the Symbolists ascribe their origin to other influences, and however true it may be that it took French sensuality in conjunction with an interest in horror and the horrible actually to furnish their motivating force, still it was Poe who pointed out the artistic values of that horror, and in the last analysis he must be conceded to be one of their literary progenitors.

The invention of the short story, and more particularly of the detective story, is another claim Poe has on posterity. In this case also, it was in France that the value of his invention was first realized. Gaboriau with his Lecoq stories doubtless surpassed him; a score have surpassed him as short-story tellers. But once more he remains as the creator, not this time of a mere literary device, but of one of the most flexible and variously employed of all modern forms of fiction.

Both as one who could express the inexpressible and the horrible, and as a writer of short stories, Poe has been surpassed by his disciples. As a critic, however much he has been underestimated, in his own field he has scarcely ever been equalled for clarity and continuity of thought and for that rare power of pursuing an idea to its logical conclusion. His importance in the history of criticism lies chiefly in the fact that he clearly foreshadowed, if he did not originate, the entire corpus of modern æsthetic theory. Modern æsthetics owe their beginning to the

inevitable æsthetic fact of the painting of Cezanne and Henri-Matisse. They were evolved by such men as Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell, quite without reference to the thought of Edgar Allan Poe. His æsthetics, on the other hand, owe their beginning to the inevitable æsthetic fact of his own poetry. Moreover, inasmuch as poetry partakes of the nature both of art (in the narrower sense in which it now employed) and of literature, he was compelled to make a far more thorough analysis of the relations of art and literature than modern thinkers have even conceived, much less attempted. It is quite aside from the issue that Poe's critical theories are set forth in the relatively small compass of three brief essays. It is not through prolixity, but through clarity of thought that he has contrived not only to antedate modern æstheticians by some seventy-five years, but even in many respects to surpass them.

First of all, however, let us investigate briefly the hypotheses presented for our consideration by the apologists for "post-impressionism." According to these theorists the word "art" connotes that expression of creative genius by which æsthetic emotion is engendered in an individual when he is brought in contact with the ideal form or ideal sound created. The definitive phrases they employ are "significant form" for the plastic arts, and "significant tone-combination" for music. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture are the only forms of human expression permitted by them to enter the category of art. This theory is to be sure exceedingly plausible, and at the very least stimulating. It implies that painting must not be mere chromophotography, and damns Academy pictures; it implies that music must not have narrative qualities and damns programme music. Everything considered, it damns a great deal. Nevertheless, as a test of what is art, this thing which the moderns call æsthetic emotion, and which Poe called divine ecstasy, is not at all bad. But even with this admitted, much is left unexplained; for example, pictures like those of Mr. Sargent, which please one greatly but which leave one cold, and, above all, poetry.

On this last point, the place of poetry, let me quote Mr. Clive Bell's monograph, pretentiously entitled *Art*: "I know how little," he writes, "the intellectual and factual content of great

poetry has to do with its significance. The actual meaning of the words in Shakespeare's songs, the purest poetry in English, is either trivial or trite. They are nursery rhymes or drawing-room ditties." He goes on to show that the same is true one way or another of Dante and Milton, and concludes by asserting that "in great poetry it is the formal music that makes the miracle. The poet expresses in form an emotion but distantly related to the words set down. But it is related; it is not purely artistic emotion. . . . The form is burdened with an intellectual content, and that content is a mood that mingles with and reposes on the emotions of life." In brief, poetry (and with it all literature) is excluded from the domain of art on the ground that it imitates life. Imagine the shocked horror of Aristotle on learning this verdict. Plato, on the other hand, we can conceive admitting that Mr. Bell's theory was not wholly incompatible with his own, in so far as it admitted that the function of music is to elevate the soul.

But if literature is to be in a category by itself, and is forever to be refused the denomination of art, what relation does it bear to its former sisters, music and painting and sculpture. And, above all, must poetry be condemned as Mr. Bell seems to condemn it, because it is *tainted* with literature? Would it not be better to say that poetry is great as both literature and art, or as either one of them? On all these points, the modern æstheticians are silent, just as they are silent when we ask an explanation of why we are pleased with Mr. Sargent's paintings, though they stir us not at all, or why we enjoy programme music like the *Danse Macabre* or *Le Spectre de la Rose*, though we do not feel for it anything even suggestive of the high emotion we feel for a symphony of Beethoven or an oratorio of Handel. The post-impressionist apologists are silent, because they need concern themselves only with painting whose most apparent value lies in its stimulus to æsthetic emotion.

But where they are silent, Poe, who felt acutely the whole problem of the relation of literature to art as it is present in poetry, expresses himself in no uncertain tones. He confronts the Aristotelian theory of imitation squarely. Literature must, indeed, imitate life, he says, and as it imitates it well or ill it is

pleasing or displeasing. But literature is not the only means by which creative genius expresses itself. There is a far higher and more perfect medium, and that is art. In the following passage from *The Poetic Principle* he comes nearer to reconciling Plato with Aristotle than any other literary critic who has attempted it: "Just as the lily is repeated in the lake," he writes, "or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colors, and odours, and sentiments, a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry." No, this is rather literature, this is what is created under Aristotelian rules. The poet, says Poe, has not proved his divine title by transcribing human experience: "There is still something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs." This thirst, he says, belongs to the immortality of man, is the desire of the moth for the star: "It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us,—but a wild effort to reach the beauty above. . . . And thus when by Poetry,—or when by music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods,—we find ourselves melted into tears—not as the Abbate Gravia supposes—through excess of pleasure, but through a certain, petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now*, wholly, here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses."

The slightly florid language of this quotation must not blind us to the fact that it contains in a measure the key to the problem which modern theorists have not attempted to solve. The creative genius of the man of letters is imitative. The imitation is pleasing, however, not as Poe says because it repeats reality, but because by creating another reality it helps us to escape the terrible fact of everyday existence. If it be classical, it furnishes the escape through the charm of formal perfection it lends to the new reality; if it be romantic, through the charm of sentimental perfection; if it be "realistic," through the charm of a perfection of detail. And poetry, *as literature alone*, amply justifies its existence by the ever accessible doorway it



offers to the realm of illusion and idea. True poetry, as Poe points out, must, indeed, be more than this. It must aid us not only to escape but to transcend reality by virtue of its pure sound. "And when they have taught him the use of the lyre," says Plato, "they introduce him to the poems of other excellent poets, who are the lyric poets; and these they set to music and make their harmonies and rhythms quite familiar to the children's souls, in order that they may learn to be more gentle and harmonious and rhythmical; . . . for the life of a man in every part has need of harmony and rhythm." And he says, "Again the true order of going . . . is to begin from the beauties of earth and mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty, using these as steps only and from one going on to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is." Plato explains quintessential beauty in terms of ethics; Poe, in more mystical, semi-religious phraseology; and yet the two are not far apart.

Indeed, when it comes to this matter of phraseology, there can be no question that, as regards Poe and Mr. Bell, Poe has far and away the better of the comparison. For the moderns have rejected the word *beauty* altogether. One cannot distinguish, they say, between the beauty of Hayden's *Military Symphony* and the beauty of a butterfly's wing or of a woman's face. And so they discard the word and substitute the somewhat cryptic adjective *significant*. It is the significant form of a Byzantine Mosaic that stirs us; our being vibrates in response to the significant tone-combination of Mozart's *Symphony in G-Minor*. The chief fault with the word *significant* is, as I have said, its esotericism. The trouble with the word *form* is that it is too closely associated with the particular genius of classical art and literature readily to be dissociated from it in order to serve its new purpose. In other words, the phrase as a whole lacks catholicity. It smacks of artistic cliques, salons, receptions, élite. It is in some ways the merest of catch-words. "I like that picture." Why? "Because of its significant form." And what can the discussion do but end? No, the phrase is a bad one.

Poe, on the contrary, has not despised the word *beauty*, but he has prefixed to it the adjective *supernal*. Supernal beauty is not only a charming phrase, but is also readily understood, and not for a moment confused with the aforesaid beauty of a butterfly's wing, or even (unless one is sentimental) with that of a woman's face. "It is in music, perhaps," Poe writes, "that the soul most clearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles,— the creation of *supernal beauty*. It *may* be, indeed, that here this sublime end is, now and then, attained *in fact*. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which *cannot* have been unfamiliar to the angels." Once more, beneath the familiar floridity, we discover a valuable truth, and we find that Plato's absolute beauty and Poe's supernal beauty are in general one and the same thing. But Plato's attitude toward absolute beauty differs from Poe's supernal beauty, as I have hinted, in that Plato views æsthetics from its ethical side while Poe views it as the science of art, and art as the sister of religion.

Here the modern theorists come closer to the Platonic notion than does Poe, for both emphasize the ethical importance of art. But the moderns seek to *justify* æsthetic emotions as the means to the ethical end of "good thoughts," while Plato makes "good thoughts" the means to the æsthetic, even the metaphysical end of absolute beauty. Poe stands in the middle ground between these two. He grants that "Taste" through its preference for beauty wages "war upon Vice, solely on the grounds of her deformity." At the same time, he insists that a poem is its own ultimate justification. "Under the sun there neither exists, nor can exist, any work more thoroughly dignified than this very poem . . . this poem written solely for the poem's sake." One wonders whether Whistler were well acquainted with the essay on *The Poetic Principle* when he promulgated his dogmas. Certainly his war-cry of "Art for art's sake" sounds very like these words of his fellow-countryman.

It may well be doubted, of course, whether Poe himself was fully aware that his own theory demanded for its fulfillment a close relation between religious mysticism and poetry. "Let

me remind you," he writes, "that (how or why we know not) this certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all higher manifestations of true beauty." Is it not for the same reason that the religious mystic is sad, because his desire for perfect union with the Universal is vain, and because he knows its vanity? Is not all poetry, all art but another mode of seeking that union? What could be sadder than this desire of "the moth for the star"? If we turn to his poem, we find an inkling that Poe was to some extent aware of the source of poetic sorrow:—

If I could dwell  
Where Israfael  
Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
He might not sing so wildly well  
A mortal melody,  
While a bolder note than this might swell  
From my lyre within the sky.

Still, this is a very shadowy conception. At best it merely indicates that Poe knew in his heart the subtle connection between poetry and religion, though he either had not the energy, or was not able to formulate definitely the nature of that connection.

As regards terminology also, we find in Poe a far clearer notion of the precise meaning of the phrase "æsthetic emotion" than we find in the moderns. The phrase itself is, of course, of relatively recent coinage, and for the tyro its meaning is a little ambiguous. It necessarily suggests not only the human emotions as they are presented in literature and art, but also that exceedingly untrustworthy chill of the spine and contraction of the throat that everyone has felt in the presence of the sublime, or apparently sublime. But these physical evidences are neither conclusive nor exclusive proof of the genuineness of the emotion. Conclusive they are not, for they are frequently felt in consequence of hearing most detestable music, or of being present at some exceedingly tawdry Easter Mass. Neither are they exclusive, for we feel no chill of the spine (however deeply we may be moved) while gazing on some superb piece of bronze or marble, or even at what remains of the Parthenon. What the moderns call "æsthetic emotion" Poe calls *elevation of soul*, a phrase

which scarcely needs explanation. Emotion has become elevation, feeling has become spiritual. We know that our soul is elevated in the presence of the Hermaes of Praxiteles, though we have no physical feelings or emotions (in the vulgar sense) at all.

To recapitulate, then, we find that Poe has established literature to be an imitation, art a transcendence of reality. Such a theory, it seems to me, is capable of great ramification as an explanation of the problem of why we are pleased by Academy pictures or by the paintings of Mr. Sargent, although we cannot but confess that they do not conduce to spiritual exaltation. Is it not possible that a painting may have somewhat the same appeal as a book, by affording us an analogous escape from reality? The moderns condemn what they call chromophotography, because it imitates. But they fail to realize that the only pleasure we derive from photography is the pleasure we should derive from seeing the object which has been photographed, while a painting, because creative genius of a literary bent has made it for us, pleases us by taking us away from material reality to that other fresh and beautiful reality which he presents to our view. And no matter how detailed the picture, it will have much the same charm as we find in a "realistic" novel. The chief means by which Dostoevsky helps us escape reality in *Crime and Punishment* is by his painstaking, almost affectionate dwelling on minor details. One might say the same of Rossetti's *Monna Vanna*, or even of Frith's *Paddington Station*, so contemptuously abused by Mr. Bell.

Poe has not only definitely related literature and art, but, in doing so, he has gone a long way, as I have indicated, toward a reconciliation of Aristotelians and Platonists. Although he receives his poetic inheritance directly from the pseudo-Platonic romanticists, he has not fallen too much into their misconception that the aim of literature is to create purely sensuous illusion. He has, in a measure, related that heresy to the true Aristotelian theory of imitation by holding it the function of literature to imitate and create an illusion which would steal away our senses to an artificial world. But the true Platonic doctrine that relates illusion to the soul he has claimed as the special creed of

art, and in the poet has found a perfect reconciliation between the literary and artistic genius. The poet, as a man of letters, transcribes a sunset into connotative words that his reader may escape the heat of noonday or the sombre grayness of an overcast sky. This is imitation, and this is the sensuous illusion. But the poet, as an artist, sees a sunset; his soul is elevated and in golden words he pours out that elevation that his reader may, as he reads, transcend the passing hour, and for an instant be at harmony with the universe. Then the poet has composed a perfect poem.

But whether the poet be man of letters or artist, he is, and must always be, a craftsman. Granted that elevation of the soul is the beginning and end of art, and that clarity of vision is the beginning and end of literature, neither spiritual exaltation nor clear eyes are enough. Inspiration we must have, to be sure, but also, perspiration. "Many writers," says Poe in *The Philosophy of Composition*, "poets in especial, prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes." True, indeed, the artist conceives his work in a moment of "ecstatic intuition," but he does not bring it forth without great travail, in which it is perpetually liable to miscarriage, through lack of good obstetrics, or (to leave a distasteful metaphor) through ignorance of technical laws.

It is for this reason that I have never understood why critics have felt that Poe was debasing his own work when he wrote the account of how he constructed *The Raven*, and have consequently doubted the sincerity of the essay in which that account is contained, *The Philosophy of Composition*. At first blush, indeed, the process seems to be artificial to a degree, but closer examination reveals that this artificiality lies in the craftsmanship; the divine afflatus, while Poe does not affirm it, must still be predicated of him. For if it were not, there would be at least two serious gaps in his explanation. He tells us, in the first place, that he planned to make his poem "universally appreciable," and so chose beauty as his province and melancholy as his tone. This is all very well; but just whence sprang "the



saintly maiden whom the angels name Lenore"? A poem dealing with the Crucifixion were just as beautiful and far more melancholy than this. Again, he devotes a page or so to an attempted explanation of his choice of the word "nevermore," but to the end he leaves us very largely in the dark as to its origin. Beyond that, the essay is wholly true and reasonable. Beauty, melancholy, and "nevermore" were temperamental in their source. From them, by means of an exquisite technique, he has translated temperament into what is both literature and art. He is not only a creative genius; he is also a conscious creative genius. That is the only difference between him and more favored artists, to whom technique belongs and by whom it is employed well-nigh unconsciously, and certainly through divine rather than human right.

This consciousness of Poe's genius is, unfortunately, responsible for what seems so mathematical in many of his stories, a quality which frequently obtrudes itself on our otherwise thoroughly genuine enjoyment of them. His method of dealing with craftsmanship, then, overemphasizes its artificial side. And this theory is very likely to become pernicious. It leads, on the one hand to the *tour de force*, on the other to the abandonment of art by the man of genius in favor of a more literary form of expression. We see this danger illustrated in Poe's own work. Many of his stories are so excessively logical, so like a page torn from Euclid, as almost entirely to vitiate their literary value. We see it again in the later work of a painter like Puvis de Chavannes, who was so proud of his discovery that a wall was flat (to use Mr. Huneke's expression) that his whole genius was absorbed in demonstrating its flatness. On the other hand, we see it in Mr. Sargent's painting, where his technical ability has led him to exchange the creation of art for the creation of the literary picture.

Poe has of course contributed several other valuable ideas to the corpus of critical theory. He has, in the first place, shown to perfection that a "long poem" is a contradiction in terms, since sustained spiritual elevation is nearly impossible both for poet and reader. In this idea he has been of much assistance to modern critics who insist that poetry must be judged by



*moments*,—a theory with no little evil influence when applied to short and supposedly sustained pieces, but of great value when judgment is to be passed on the artistic merit of longer compositions. Who could make use of other criteria when reading *Lycidas*, for example? Then, too, Poe has given us one of the best or at least one of the most cited definitions of poetry. "The rhythmical creation of beauty," although it is a phrase almost equally applicable to music, still lays needed emphasis on what is so often overlooked by those who insist on "the didactic," that beauty is the end and aim of poetry; as well as on what is so often overlooked by our modern imagists, that that beauty must be rhythmical, whether or not it be conventionally metred. Finally, in *The Rationale of Verse*, Poe has contributed an extremely thoughtful if not altogether exhaustive study of English verse-form, a study which suffers from Poe's carelessness in distinguishing between the quantitative and accentual metrical systems.

Poe is not without faults as a critic. His style tends to over-elaboration. His language is, as we have noted, frequently florid. But worse than either of these defects, Poe's opinion on individual pieces of poetry was not very sound. Tennyson no doubt is one of the outstanding poets of the English-speaking world, but to call him "the noblest poet that ever lived" is nothing short of absurd. Many of the citations in *The Poetic Principle* by which he seeks to illustrate his theories scarcely deserve to be called poetry at all, and would tend to throw grave doubt over the whole essay, were not Poe's thinking so intrinsically clear and logical. Perhaps both his florid language and bad judgment can be ascribed to the fact that he himself was a poet. At any rate, we gladly forgive his questionable taste for the sake of his own exquisite lyrical gift and the stimulating æsthetic doctrines of which he is the originator.

He has furnished us a basis for relating and distinguishing literature and art. He has helped us to discover the dual character of poetry. He has mediated, so far as it is possible, between the Platonists and the Aristotelians. He has shown us at least something of the place of technique in the resources of the creative genius. For all these contributions to critical

thought he deserves only our gratitude and admiration. That his æsthetic theory has not exerted so great an influence as have his poetry and prose fiction is due rather to the vast superiority of his prose fiction than to anything specious or inferior in his poetry. This our modern æstheticians should be the last to deny.

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## LOUIS BOTHA: BOER AND BRITON

On May 31, 1902, in the presence of the joint representatives of the British and Boer governments, the Treaty of Vereeniging was signed. When the last name had been written Lord Kitchener rose and held out his hand to General Botha. "We are good friends now," he said. It was Great Britain speaking to South Africa. Though Botha's answer is unrecorded, his actions since have proved how fully he endorsed that statement, for at this moment of her need, Great Britain has no son more deeply loyal or more widely worthy than this man who, born under an alien flag, was in former years her bitter foe. It was he who, but a few months since, crushed out rebellion in the Transvaal and Cape states. It was he who conquered for His Majesty, George V, Germany's South-West possession in the Dark Continent, comprising a territory of 320,000 square miles. It is as certain as is to-day the present fact that it will be this same staunch imperialist and sane statesman who will stand shoulder to shoulder with those foremost few who will soon be putting forth united efforts in the reconstruction of the "All-Red" Empire in answer to new needs.

It is but a short fifteen years ago that this Louis Botha was desperately fighting the Empire he now upholds. When peace was declared he laid down his sword, unsheathed and even against his better judgment. None the less on these accounts was he wise enough and big enough to act a Briton as well as a Boer in cementing the bond of harmony between the races. Fine were both the spirit and the words with which in the Colonial Parliament, at the present war's commencement, he moved a resolution supporting England. "We form to-day," said this ex-foeman, "part of the British Empire; we are an ally of the British Empire; and that Empire being involved in war, South Africa is, *ipso facto*, also involved in war with the enemy. There are only two possibilities. The one possibility is of faith, duty and honor. The other is dishonor and disloyalty."

In these ringing phrases, this champion of "faith, duty and honor" sounded the keynote of his own individuality. He is

distinctly magnetic, but it is a magnetism that springs from heart rather than intellect. The instant verdict is that he is to be trusted without reserve.

Three days after the British Government had issued its declaration of war against the Central Powers it "invited" the administration of the South African Union to "seize such part of German South-West Africa as will give command of Swakopmund, Luderitzbucht, and the wireless stations there or in the interior." Three more days sufficed for the answer that General Botha and his colleagues "cordially agreed" to do this. On the one side was no command, on the other no hesitation. And when Botha gave it out that he was going to take the field, the scenes of enthusiasm were remarkable. He called up thirty-five Dutch officers who had served with him in the Boer war, and told them he wanted fifteen to march against Germany under his orders; they were to decide among themselves which should go and which should stay. Five minutes talk sufficed. When the general returned he was told: "Take whatever fifteen you want. The other twenty intend to go anyway, as privates." What cannot one do with men like that!

By Christmas day the Union forces were masters of Walfisch Bay. In another fortnight they had seized Swakopmund, thus securing the only practicable harbors and closing the eight hundred miles of coast which was the invaded territory's only outlet to the sea and to Europe. To the north were the pro-Entente Portuguese. Inland lay the British protectorate of Bechuanaland. To the south, the Orange River and the pitiless onset of Botha's three columns. By the middle of May, Windboek, the capital, had handed over its keys. By the end of June the last German flag had been hauled down in a rich and promising territory of a third of a million square miles.

On the side of the invaders the casualties were, relatively, a mere handful, thanks to the all but incredible celerity of their movements, and to the infallible perfection of their commissariat, equipment, and preparation,—all the work of General Smuts, till yesterday in charge of the British operations in German East Africa, Berlin's last foothold in the continent. When Botha received the submission of the German governor,

that gentleman could scarcely believe that his victorious opponents had come through such physical hardships,—across such vast deserts of drifting sands, with the wayside wells choked or poisoned,—with only 113 deaths and 318 wounded. Where is there another such record, as successful and so rapid, of campaigning in a sub-tropical, semi-barbarous country?

Amazing thing, though, is that the expedition has won no more widespread recognition than it has. It was a triumphant vindication of the good faith of the Dutch. It was a finally convincing endorsement of the political wisdom which has given South Africa autonomy so soon after the war with the Burghers had closed. It proved that the British colonies are amply capable of mastering, of and by themselves, the difficult art of modern warfare. It stamped Botha as one of the great pioneer-soldiers in all history.

As the General moves to and fro among guests, at any of the democratic receptions, given from time to time in the official residence at Pretoria or in the family mansion at Johannesburg, his build, carriage, and rugged countenance, with thick heavy moustache, all are reminiscent of dashing Phil Sheridan. When he stops to speak, the blue, clear, honest eyes, blending fire of action with dreaminess of abstraction and ideals, look straight at one without flinching. Then, in a moment, a sunny gleam comes into them, the mobile, pleasant mouth relaxes, and the whole face bursting into a rippling smile becomes that of one who wants to be on good terms with life and people. Then the hero of Winchester steps aside in favor of Thackeray's Major Dobbin, concerning whom the author of *Vanity Fair* writes, "His thoughts were just, his brains were fairly good, his life was honest and pure, and his heart warm and humble."

There the simile ends. Botha is far stronger than was Dobbin. He neither loved nor married a distressing Amelia; his wife is a grandniece of Robert Emmet, the illustrious Irish nationalist, and she is strong and amiable, as popular as she is handsome. Perhaps, also, it is worth adding that where Thackeray's Major had "very large hands and feet," those of the African Premier are of less than medium size and well shaped. Rather heavily marked eyebrows, a straight positive nose, slightly double chin,

and dark hair, complete the picture of this well-preserved, attractive man of fifty-three, possessing in happy combination four high gifts: integrity, strength, sentiment, and a keen sense of justice.

Emerson has said that the actual deeds of Washington and Lincoln are not sufficient to account for the reverence in which they are held; the explanation lies deep in the personalities of the two. So it is with this great Boer-Englishman. He is not renowned in oratory or administration, but he is an instinctive, irresistible, inspired conciliator. Never has Boer or Briton been misled by him and the profound confidence of both is his. It is to this that his consummate leadership can be traced.

Botha is not a silent man, neither is he a conversationalist in any "brilliant" sense of the term. As easily familiar with the English language as with his native jargon, he delights to talk to men of ideas and draw them out. Like many of those before him who have left their marks upon the world's history, he has lived close to both nature and to books, and one cannot be long in his society without noting the effective part such potent councillors have played in shaping his character.

When at Johannesburg, divorced from the cares of state, hardly a day passes that he does not jump upon his horse, and, accompanied by his boys and eldest daughter, Helen (who resembles the former Miss Alice Roosevelt, in both looks and tastes), ride away into the woods for a day's hunt. After supper, the library is given up to lounging and reading. In a comfortable arm-chair, beside a low lamp, the master-mind of South Africa can generally be found with a favorite volume, the pleasure in selecting which is amply attested to by wide-open doors of cases and scattering of contents upon rugs and chairs. He loves current fiction but is especially fond of Dickens, and is devoted to the poetry of Wordsworth. "Heavier" literature, also, appeals to him, as evidenced by the works in the realms of physical science and psychic research to be seen on the shelves.

There is a distinct atmosphere of romance about Louis Botha. Born of farmer parentage in Greytown, Natal, his original bent was not for the army, although, when a young man, he saw some service as field cornet. Up to 1889 his pursuits were mainly



divided between agriculture and politics, for he was a member of the Transvaal Volksraad for 1897 and of President Kruger's Council just before the outbreak of war with Great Britain. As did America's Washington and Herkimer and England's Cromwell, the future Boer leader came from green fields and pastures to take up, from necessity, a soldier's career.

At first serving in a subordinate capacity, Botha rapidly rose to a command, and at Colenso and Spionkop was General of Division. Subsequently Joubert's death made him Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Burghers. His had been one of the votes in Council against Oom Paul's decree that there be a trial of strength with England, but, when the majority ruled in favor of the master and the die was cast, it was the nature of Botha to serve, with whole heart and soul, the cause to which he had become committed. Consequently, it is not surprising to find him, after the surrender of Pretoria to Lord Roberts, in 1900, reorganizing Boer resistance into an effective guerilla warfare which lasted for two years, until the end at Vereeniging.

Strange and dramatic does it seem now, that his able companion in arms throughout this period should have been that sturdy, humorless fanatic De Wet, whom a little more than a decade later he was to pursue and capture as a traitor to the Government they were then both fighting. Strange, too, was it that, struggling to the last, the British General whom he defied should have been Lord Kitchener, and that the great Secretary should have lived long enough to praise his erstwhile foe not only for saving the Empire in Africa but also for substantially adding to it.

Promptly, when fighting ceased to have proper meaning for the welfare of his people, Louis Botha accepted the inevitable, and in 1902 set his signature to the Vereeniging compact, which ever since he has faithfully kept and advanced. Upon the grant of self-government to the Transvaal five years afterwards, the noted Boer was called upon by Lord Selborne to form a ministry, and when in 1910 the Union became an accomplished fact, he was chosen its first Premier, a position still held by him.

As a commander in the field, Botha had proved his strategic genius during the South African War, handicapped and thwarted though he constantly was by older, less farseeing generals. He had proved also that he possessed the qualities essential to a great soldier of indomitable courage, patience, and endurance; he has given no less signal proof of these qualities and of brilliant generalship since. But those who study his career during the last fifteen years will in all likelihood come to the conclusion that it is in the council chamber that his greatest victories have been won, and that as statesman he will play even greater part in the crucial years that will sharply follow this war, than he has done in the fray itself.

H. MERIAN ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE AMERICAN DRAMA: A SURVEY

A while ago in speaking of the prospects of the American drama in the light of conditions produced by the Great War, I pointed out America's great and unprecedented opportunity for leadership in dramatic creation. Since that time the United States has been irresistibly drawn into the vortex of the world struggle. Prospects which seemed to open before the American dramatist then are no longer so certain or so available. While America has scarcely begun to feel the pinch of war, so far as the theatre and the drama are concerned, it is scarcely to be doubted that, if the war is of long duration, the reactions upon the American drama and the business of play production will be immense and sharply cumulative. While New York can boast a season of extraordinary variety, richness, and distinction, the road companies of former and present New York successes are encountering conditions increasing in difficulty. With all her boasted prosperity, America is taking with due seriousness the obligations of stupendous proportions imposed upon the country, the individual no less than the business institution, by the financial needs created by modern warfare. If "business as usual" is a slogan accepted with fair unanimity to aid in maintaining the normality of trade conditions, it is probably beginning to be acknowledged that "pleasure as usual" is a slogan which is far from meeting with general acceptance. "Smileage" campaigns for soldiers' amusement almost implies self-denial in amusement for the purchaser of the smileage book. And fuel shortage in the past winter has resulted in the closing of "movie" houses in all parts of the country. Assuming another year of warfare, a marked drop in the dramatic and theatrical barometer may naturally be anticipated in this country.

Thus far the dramatists of this country have furnished few signs of genuine response to the tremendous impressions and profound meanings driven home by the terrible and terribly continuing war. As the world is still in flux, and the clash of contending forms of governmental control and racial idealism resound in deafened ears, there is little reason to hope so soon

for great drama, adequately interpreting the significance of the struggle. A generation, several, may come and go—a century may elapse—before any definite comprehension of the issues and the eventualities is obtained. If the notable plays are not forthcoming, it is gratifying to observe the accumulating evidences on all hands of the persistent and irrepressible interest in the questions of the drama as a part of the literary history of America, of community drama, of the little theatre movement, of the open-air theatre, of the art as well as the business of play production, of the contributions of technic of the modern playwright, and of the larger lines of dramatic and theatrical history, whether associated with the name of William Shakespeare or of Augustin Daly.

While it is not my business here to deal with plays, as published, but with dramatic criticism and works on questions of the theatre, I wish to call attention with strong commendation to the movement now gaining impetus, which bids fair to bring to public attention as subjects for popular study American drama throughout the entire course of our history. As companion volume to *Representative English Plays* comes *Representative American Plays*,<sup>1</sup> edited by Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn of the University of Pennsylvania. In this volume are included plays ranging in time from 1765 to 1911, from *The Prince of Parthia* of Thomas Godfrey to *He and She* of Rachel Crothers. Each play is prefaced by a sketch of the dramatist, and many of these sketches contain much new and valuable information not hitherto known or accessible. The plays are admirably selected, being illustrative of different types of drama as well as representative examples of American drama at different periods of development. The first play in this volume has been recently republished in a limited edition, for the first time published separately since its original publication in 1765, *The Prince of Parthia*, the first tragedy by an American, and the first professionally produced in this country.<sup>2</sup> The studies in the early American drama upon the American stage, stimu-

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<sup>1</sup>The Century Company, New York. 1916.

<sup>2</sup>Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1916.

lated by the departments of American and German literature in especial, at the University of Pennsylvania, find recent exemplification in two interesting monographs, which appeared almost simultaneously. Both were presented as theses in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy; both show the results of careful study and laborious research. *The Life and Writings of Richard Penn Smith*,<sup>3</sup> by Bruce Welker McCullough, is a monograph of one hundred pages, written under the direction of Professor Quinn. Concerning this little-known playwright, whose drama *The Triumph at Plattsburg* (1830) was included by Professor Quinn among representative American Plays, the author says: "As a transition playwright, Smith ties the former period of imitation to the new creative school of dramatists that was just coming into existence in Philadelphia. Though much of his work harks back to the time when adaptation was the customary practice among our playwrights his best productions, notably *Caius Marius*, point forward to the first great creative movement in our drama." The author was fortunate in having access to the unpublished manuscripts of Smith's plays; and he has enhanced the value of his monograph by republishing as an appendix Smith's play *The Deformed* based upon the edition of 1830, the only edition hitherto published. The second monograph, the result of researches directed by the late Professor M. D. Learned, is *The German Drama on the St. Louis Stage*,<sup>4</sup> by Alfred Henry Nolle. Valuable studies have been made on various phases of the German drama at the German theatre in this country—notably by L. C. Baker, C. F. Brede, and E. H. Zeydel; and the present volume is to be classed as an important addition to our knowledge in the same field. The subject has been historically and statistically studied in five periods: The Beginnings, 1842-1859; The St. Louis Opernhaus, 1859-1861; the chaotic period, of varying fortunes, from 1861 to 1891; A Revival of Interest, 1891-1912; and finally, The Present Directorship, The Victoria

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<sup>3</sup>George Banta Publishing Company, Menasha, Wisconsin. 1917.

<sup>4</sup>*Americana Germanica*. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, No. 32. 1917.

Theatre, 1911-1914. Important influences in American culture are theatres where are produced, whether in German or in English, such plays of recent origin as Hauptmann's *Der Biberpelz*, Kollege Crampton, *Die Weber*; Sudermann's *Die Ehre*, *Das Glück im Winkel*, *Die Heimat*, *Es lebe das Leben*, *Der gute Ruf*, *Johannesfeuer*, *Die Schmetterlingsschlacht*, *Sodom's Ende*, and *Stein unter Steinen*; Schöenherr's *Glaube und Heimat*; Grillparzer's *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*; and Hebbel's *Maria Magdalene*.

A telling commentary upon popular indifference to the origin and development of our native drama is found in the significant fact that there is not now in print, nor has there ever been, a history of the American drama. An important contribution to the subject is Chapter II in Book II of Volume I of the *Cambridge History of English Literature*.<sup>6</sup> This historical survey, covering eighteen pages, is written by Professor A. H. Quinn; and it is hoped that, somewhat later, he will publish a formal History of the American Drama. The important part played in the development of our early drama by the University of Pennsylvania, and by residents of Philadelphia, is clearly brought out in this essay. Stress is likewise laid upon the influence on early dramatic writing by the performances of plays by the company under David Douglass. The recommendation by the Continental Congress (October 20, 1774) to "discountenance and discourage . . . exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments" was generally respected; and nothing is worthy of record until 1787. In turn attention is called to Royall Tyler; to William Dunlap, an important figure in the period from 1789 to 1805; to James N. Barker of Philadelphia, and John Howard Payne of New York. The year 1825-6 is indicated as remarkable in the history of the New York stage—as a year of the beginning of important theatrical, operatic, and dramatic enterprises. The various lines of development are clearly pointed out—historical dramas, plays patriotic in incident and intent, comedies reflecting contemporary manners and customs, and satires of American life, romantic tragedy, and

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<sup>6</sup> G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1917.



Gothic melodrama—and names, familiar and unfamiliar, are cited, such as Robert Montgomery Bird, Richard Penn Smith, George Henry Boker, N. P. Willis, Ann Ogden Mowatt, George Washington Custis, for example. Professor Quinn thus traces five periods prior to the Civil War, the fifth, 1825-1861, being described as a significant and creative period.

An important new work in the field of early American drama deals with the interesting figure properly termed "The Father of American Drama." This is the fruit of studies prosecuted at Columbia University by Dr. Oral Sumner Coad.<sup>6</sup> This biography of more than three hundred pages not only narrates in detail the story of Dunlap's life, but also affords an excellent survey of the field of American drama for the period considered. If the author lacks the charm of style indispensable for this type of biography, he is lacking neither in industry nor in the commendable ambition to interpret correctly the relation of Dunlap to the culture of the period. The author, it would appear without exaggeration, pronounces Dunlap "unquestionably the most conspicuous leader (among American dramatists) at the end of the century, for in every case he was among the first to try the novelty which later became the recognized convention." The new and revised edition of *The American Dramatists*,<sup>7</sup> by Mr. Montrose J. Moses, is another valued contribution to the critical literature dealing with the American drama. Mr. Moses is one of the three or four men in the country best informed upon all phases of the American drama and the American theatre; and while this book, if first written to-day, would be more decisive and sure in its critical tone, it contains a great deal of very genuine interest and value. The new edition contains three new chapters, indicating the rise of new dramatists, the influence of Little Theatres, and the advance in the technic of the moving picture. The volume is especially useful for its pleasantly readable and compact biographies of Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, David Belasco, Percy and Steele Mackaye, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, and Clyde Fitch.

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<sup>6</sup> *William Dunlap: A Study of His Life and Works and of His Place in Contemporary Culture*. The Dunlap Society, New York. 1917.

<sup>7</sup> Little Brown & Company, Boston. 1917.

One of the refreshing signs of the vitality of American dramatic criticism is the recent appearance of a collection of stimulating papers, random yet unified by a common fixity of high purpose, dealing for the most part with current drama on the stage in this country.\* Mr. Eaton is an effective writer, who, while being a "high-brow" by temperament, is wilfully "low-brow" by determined choice. It is a matter, not simply of pride, but of professional conscience, with him to write dramatic criticism "straight at" the average person; and he certainly has "put it over" to the "man-in-the-street" in the pages of the *American Magazine*. The ablest of his writings, in my judgment, is found in this very volume—an essay reprinted from the *Century Magazine*—entitled: "The Man of Letters and the New Art of the Theatre." Read this if you wish to test the flavor of Eaton's criticism—though he is always refreshing by reason of his simple style, his keen perception, his mildly ironic tone, his possession of definite standards, and his ability to write with equal ease and fascination about "gold fairies," the "movies," or George M. Cohan. The volume is prefaced by that erudite and gifted young critic of contemporary drama, Mr. Barrett H. Clark, who points out the need for unbiased dramatic criticism in this country and deftly turns a compliment to Mr. Eaton.

A work, carefully compiled, adequately documented, but singularly deficient in the art of characterization is the *Life of Augustin Daly*,<sup>†</sup> by his brother Joseph Francis Daly. It tells with accuracy and in abundant detail the story, not only of the life of America's greatest theatrical manager, but also of the conditions and vicissitudes of the New York stage in the middle nineteenth century. Motives of delicacy certainly precluded any fulsome characterization of the famous theatrical manager by his brother; but one lays down the book with a sense of incompleteness, because of the absence of any interpretation or summing up of Daly's contribution. Augustin Daly was born at Plymouth, North Carolina, on July 20th, 1838, in the very year his

\* *Plays and Players: Leaves from a Critic's Scrapbook*, by Walter Prichard Eaton. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. 1916.

† The Macmillan Company, New York. 1917.

father established himself there in the lumber business. In recalling that Daly lived a memorable life, made important contributions to the culture of the time through his productions, established theatres in New York and London, and took the first American company to Germany and France, it must be pointed out that he belonged to the school to which Henry Irving as actor and William Winter as critic belonged. These men never "lived over" into the era of modern biography. The names of Ibsen, Björnson, Hauptmann, Sudermann, for example, are not found in the index; though Daly did have some traffic with Pinero, produced *Cyrano de Bergerac* outside of New York, considered producing a play by Brieux, tried to persuade Oscar Wilde to write a play for him, and—best of all his works—gave to the world, through his influence, the most brilliant and remarkable interpreter of English comedy of the nineteenth century, Ada Rehan.

An interesting event, always, is the appearance of one of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's collections of magazine articles upon current drama, chiefly as produced in New York City. To the two preceding volumes, *The Theory of the Theatre* and *Studies in Stagecraft* is now added a third, *Problems of the Playwright*<sup>10</sup>—all with unfailingly alliterative titles. With each new volume the author exhibits enlarged powers of observation and increased concern for the development of the drama in America. Mr. Hamilton must be a delightful talker—the chatty, conversational tone characterizes all his writings. The decisive note of the Chautauqua lecturer is there, too—everything is finally settled as we go along. With an active and inquiring mind, enriched by wide reading in certain sections of the history of the drama and the stage, he succeeds in investing each subject with a lively interest. His condemnation, when it comes, is unrelieved: utter damnation. His praise, when it comes, which is not infrequently, is panegyric. It is refreshing to learn from one who once elevated Pinero to the supreme pedestal of modern drama, that Lord Dunsany has indubitably written two of the "greatest plays of modern times"; and to note that Sir James M. Barrie

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<sup>10</sup> Henry Holt & Company, New York. 1917.

has at last been "discovered" by one who in *The Theory of the Theatre*, for instance, made no mention of Björnson or Strindberg, of Hauptmann or Sudermann, of Schnitzler or Van Hoffmannsthal. The author is a keen student of dramatic technic; and one of the most interesting chapters is "Building a Play Backward," in two parts, in which he acknowledges the debt which Mr. Elmer L. Reizenstein owes him for the suggestion of the exceedingly ingenious technical device of "On Trial." This is much the best of Mr. Hamilton's collections of monthly papers on drama—charming in its naïveté, fertile in ideas, refreshingly dogmatic in tone, and authentically metropolitan in its impatience with the desert wastes outside of New York City.

A genuinely interesting, a thoughtfully written book, is *The Technique of Play Writing*.<sup>11</sup> It is constructed with care and discrimination; each chapter is an epitome of representative and well-considered views upon the subject. Through close study of the drama and wide familiarity with the theatre of to-day, the author illuminates the more technical discussion with interesting and pertinent examples, frequently chosen from dramas recently produced and more or less known to the many. It is not unfair to say that it is inaccurately described on the front cover as "a full working guide of theory and practise for those who would write and market plays." Mr. Archer's *Playmaking* was really a treatise on "how to criticise a play"; Mr. Andrews's book is a treatise on "how to take a play to pieces." It is seriously to be doubted if a successful "full working guide" on "how to write a play" will ever be written. No adequate answer, even by a working dramatist, has ever been supplied for the question of how to write a play.

The third series of the *Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University*,<sup>12</sup> which recently appeared, calls renewed attention to these valuable papers, delightfully edited, on the problems of the dramatist, the art of playmaking, and the technic of the theatre. In his introduction to "A Catalog of Models and of Stage Sets," for the Museum, Professor Brander Mat-

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<sup>11</sup>The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass. 1915.

<sup>12</sup>Corlies, Macy & Company, New York. 1916.

thews, with his characteristic clarity and vigor, points out the necessity for studying the theatre as the medium in which the dramatist works. Models of buildings showing the evolution of the playhouse, maps and plans, designs for stage sets, prompt-books, lives of the players, are especially cited as exhibits indispensable to a museum of the sort desired. Professor Thorndike writes an elaborate preface to Kipling's "How Shakespeare came to write *The Tempest*," effectively indicating the sources Shakespeare may have utilized, in addition to the "original Stephano fresh from the seas and half-seas over," a suggestion which Kipling neatly lifts from Malone, and in which Malone acknowledges he had been anticipated by Douce in 1807. Kipling and Shakespeare—the connotation gives a heightened validity to a suggestion which otherwise might escape in the welter of ingenious explanation of Shakespearean sources. In the paper entitled "How to Write a Play" are reprinted the most interesting of the letters on this topic from French playwrights, answers to the query of Abraham Dreyfus, who published his findings in *Comment se fait une pièce de théâtre* (Paris: A Quantin, 1884). These letters, for the most part, are genial evasions of the question; and the introduction by Mr. William Gillette is a rather circuitous avoidance of the subject. Selections from Sarcey's dramatic criticism are collected in a paper under the title "A Theory of the Theatre"—a subject dear to Professor Matthews, who has expounded the ideas again and again—in magazine and book: the conventions of the theatre, and the necessity for them, and the law of the *scène à faire*; and there is also printed Sarcey's discussion of the artistic advisability of separating the comic and the tragic. The most enjoyable of this third series of papers is William S. Gilbert's "A Stage Play," which appeared in *Tom Hood's Comic Annual* for 1873. It is lucidly introduced by Mr. Archer, who points out that, in important details, Gilbert was under the influence of the ideals for dramatic success generally entertained at the period. Mr. Archer maintains that in pleading for mutual tolerance between Church and Stage, Gilbert employed a method which exactly anticipated that of Mr. Bernard Shaw. "The *scène à faire* which he had in his mind's eye was to be a scene of haughty recrimination—



the Archbishop reproaching the curate for combining the pulpit with the stage, the curate reproaching the Archbishop with his hypocritical denunciation of an institution from which he derives, in the shape of rent, an income of, say, four thousand a year. In his very first play, *Widowers' Houses*, Mr. Shaw wrote, to all intents and purposes, the scene which Gilbert here forecasts; and he has repeated it, in different guises, over and over again." This is a very restricted criticism, and will not bear inspection for a moment. The statement applies to Shaw's "economic" plays, during his earliest period; but has only incidental pertinency as applied to his more important plays, of greater maturity of workmanship.

A final phase in the rapid and progressive growth of interest in the theatre is illustrated in the number of suggestive and informing books dealing with the various forms of experimentalism in theatrical production in America. In *The Little Theatre of the United States*,<sup>13</sup> Constance D'Arcy Mackay, whose plays for amateurs and children and books on play-production for amateurs are well known, tells the history of the rise and influence of the little theatre, in Europe and subsequently in this country. In a series of excellent chapters the author describes the progress and contributions of the little theatre in this country, in New York and in the East generally, in Chicago and in the West, in the South; with laboratory theatres, such as Harvard's 47 Workshop Theatre; and with the little country theatres. In a suggestive conclusion we are told: "While repertory is dying out of the commercial theatre it is bearing new and significant fruit in the Little Theatres. They *are* the repertory theatres of the present. . . . The repertory theatre is here in our midst. To the ambitious actor as well as to the ambitious playwright it offers salient advantages. . . . [Our new repertory theatres] release the power of the actor and by freeing his imagination they likewise liberate the imagination of the audience." A work of similar character, along broader lines though of briefer compass, is *The Insurgent Theatre*<sup>14</sup> by Professor Thomas H.

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<sup>13</sup> Henry Holt & Company, New York. 1917.

<sup>14</sup> B. W. Huebsch, New York. 1917.



Dickinson, dealing in a sane and common-sense fashion with "recent events in the non-commercial theatre as they refer to organization and management." In addition to topics treated in Miss Mackay's book are found chapters on such subjects as Subsidy, The Federated Audience, New Ideas of Circuit, the Theatre and the Law. Professor Dickinson's conclusions are sane and conservative; the graver difficulties, innate weaknesses, and frequent failures in the insurgent movement are frankly recognized without equivocation. In the enthusiastic effort expended, the self-sacrificing spirit displayed, the will to order, the definite striving toward forms of organization and standards of workmanship, the persistence in the discovery of right ways and the readiness to profit by errors—all these signs are recognized as hopeful auguries for the future. "All in all," concludes the author, "the theatre seems to me to-day in the not unencouraging position of a young runner who for some time has been cantering about warming up and now bends over the tape ready and eager for a race against strong odds."

In *The Community Theatre—in Theory and Practice*<sup>13</sup> Louise Burleigh approaches many of the questions treated in the two former books just noticed; but the stress is less upon the historical than upon the practical side of the problem. Valuable for the concrete suggestions they embody are such chapters as "How shall we organize?" "What can be done with little"; and "Suggestions." In a concluding chapter on "The theatrical renaissance" the author thus voices her views and her hopes for the future: "The community theatre carries a promise to the theatre as an art, which is not equalled, I think, by any other theatrical ideal. The arts in the theatre are given every opportunity. . . . [The community theatre] creates an audience which not only understands art, but which comes clamoring for the gift of art; and it takes away from the theatre the danger—the stultification and oblivion—which hangs over it now upon its present and commercial basis." Mr. Percy Mackaye, whose community masque, *Caliban*, was given with such powerful and memorable effect in New York, writes an interesting prefatory

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<sup>13</sup> Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1917.

letter to the volume; and the substance of his address before the American Civic Association in Washington on December 13, 1916, has recently been published with the title, *Community Drama, Its Motive and Method of Neighborliness. An Interpretation*.<sup>16</sup> Especial stress is laid in the preface upon the functions of the newly appointed Federal Commission on Training Camp Activities, and their inspiring task, viz., to establish "a great affirmative system, instead of a merely sterile negative one." In the text we are told in significant words: "If it is to achieve its constructive ideals of peace, Community Drama must be organized with the permanency and trained efficiency of the regular army—for it represents the beginnings of an army of peace. It can only be made by trained creative artists, expert in the art of the theatre and inspired by the spirit of the community. My ideal of community drama is this: By means of large and nobly sensuous symbolism, to harmonize the complex art inheritances of drama with the simplicity of Christ's social message, for the inspiration and expression of growing democracy."

Valuable on the constructive side, full of accurate descriptions and attractive illustrations, is the work by Frank A. Waugh on *Outdoor Theatres*,<sup>17</sup> in effect a treatise on "the design construction and use of open-air auditoriums" as phrased in the sub-title. It is pointed out in a foreword by Percy Mackaye that "in the country, at present, there are few, or none [outdoor theatres] which are not privately owned, built usually for city 'colonies' in the country. Yet no better investment—in pleasure and the resultant attraction of wealth—could be made by a country community than an outdoor theatre properly conducted during the outdoor season." After excellent and informing chapters on "Questions of use" and "Problems of design," the author briefly and interestingly describes certain "selected examples," of which mention may be made here of the Greek Theatre at the University of California, the Redlands Bowl, the real municipal theatre at Anoka, Minnesota, and the outdoor

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<sup>16</sup>Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 1916.

<sup>17</sup>Richard G. Badger, Boston. 1917.

theatre at Carmel, California. It is recommended as a good principle to produce in an outdoor theatre only such entertainments as can be presented there to better advantage than in an indoor theatre. Shakespeare's masterpieces are held to be "reasonably available for outdoor performances"; practically the entire body of modern drama as it now exists is ruled out. The need is felt for "rural drama which would reach its artistic perfection when presented in a purely rural environment." Greek drama, masques, and simple pageants are named as the forms best suited for ready adaptation to the present needs of the outdoor theatre. With the cosmic pageantry of a world-war dwarfing into insignificance all present forms of peaceful communal expression, it may be that a new and immensely elevated scale for colossal performances may be set for outdoor performances of the post-bellum future. We may well take to heart Mr. Mackaye's impressive words: "Neighborliness—symbolism—drama: these three. In our new ritual of democracy, the last only is added to the master method of the great symbolist of Nazareth, to complement and organize for our day and race, the simple message of His own social commandment."

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## BOOK REVIEWS

THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited by Killis Campbell. Boston : Ginn and Company.

The keen competition in the publishing circles of to-day has brought forth some distressing symptoms. It has given us books edited by men who have nothing to say, but whose professional positions will enable even mediocre work to sell. It has led to the voluminous elaboration of the obvious, so that the book or the series might be advertised as the most "fully" edited work or series on the market; and all too frequently the student in search of light upon an author gets lost in the trackless jungle of useless editorial information. Then we have always with us the irritating soul who, through some honest defect of his mental machinery or else through calm calculation that any sort of advertising pays, is perennially being permitted to blazen to an astonished world some antiquated discovery, some specious theory, or some revolutionary doctrine whose orbit remains within his own skull.

One finishes reading Professor Campbell's edition of the Poems of Poe, then, with a highly pleasurable sense of relief that none of his worst fears have been realized. In the first place, far from the last word had been said on Poe: he needed to be edited; and Professor Campbell has brought to the work information larger in mass than anyone who has yet undertaken the task; and, better still, perhaps, all his minute and varied information is handled with a finely poised sanity.

Monomania can easily be developed over the motley tragedy of the personal life of Poe, so deeply buried under a shifting mass of conflicting rumors, echoes of rumors, and downright lies. When one attempts to track the devious windings of that morbid mind across the dim borders of the no-man's world in which its real home lay, one may well return with less balance than if the quest had been the innermost dwelling-place of a Trollope or even of a Macaulay. Poe, however, in Professor Campbell's admirably sifted introduction is neither mythic demigod nor devil, but a real human being, like the rest of us,

however possessed by genius or warped by adverse winds. The King can do wrong (p. xxvi), yet he too has his good qualities. It is not the intention here to intimate that the editor tamely sits on the fence. Independence of judgment he has (p. xx), and much new information (e.g. p. xiv) upon which to base that judgment.

Under the heading of "The Canon of Poe's Poems" the editor brings to bear long years of special research. More than any other man known to the writer is he entitled to speak with authority on this point; so that one may feel that regardless of what may appear in other editions of Poe's poems extant before this one, here is the total body of Poe's really authenticated poetry. Nor does it seem probable that material additions will be made in the near future, if any at all. For years too many keen intellects have employed themselves with indefatigable industry to the research, and the probable sources have been too well mapped out.

Had a happier fate been Poe's, he might have been as fastidious about publication as any Gray; and the result of many of the innumerable changes in the text of his poems which he made might never have reached us. As it is, through Professor Campbell's variorum text, we are enabled, with a fullness and accuracy such as we can achieve in the case of no other American poet, and with only one or two British ones, to trace the growth of a poetic mind and to watch the workings of a great critical faculty. The lovers of poetry owe the editor an especial debt for this feature of his edition. Moreover, instead of being exiled to the limbo of the notes or of an appendix, the variations are where they should be, at the foot of the page below the approved (the latest) text.

The only dissatisfaction that one feels with Professor Campbell's edition comes where, in the preface and in the notes, he deals with the indebtedness of Poe to other poets or, occasionally, in the notes, refers to similarities between Poe and the writings of his successors. Some of these he could have spared. One of the most industrious, and not the least intelligent, graduate students that the writer ever knew once undertook to write a doctor's thesis on "The Reading of Poe." Long ago a doctoral dis-

sertation in a fairly bulky volume, as such things go, appeared by this student—but not on Poe, though the Poe project occupied him, I believe, for many months. Up to date, so far as I know, the reading of Poe has not even reached the dignity of an article. True there is a broad difference between a graduate student, however brilliant, and a mature scholar like Professor Campbell: to establish the reading of anyone, one must have time to do some reading for one's self. The trouble is that he has found not too little but too much. Poe's originality as a whole no one has questioned. Some of Professor Campbell's parallels and sources fail to carry conviction in spite of Poe's reputation as a borrower. How easy it is to note "influences" or parallel passages of fact, choice of word or of atmosphere, may be brought out by the following references which have not been recorded by the editor. The first four lines of "Fairy-Land" suggest parts of Collins's "Ode to Evening." Compare "The City of the Sea" and "Savannah-la-Mar":—

	Upon some far-off happier sea
and	For old, uphappy, far-off things ;
	There is a two-fold <i>Silence</i>
and	When two-fold silence was the song of love.
Compare the beginning	
	Of all who hail thy presence as the morning
with the beginning of	
	Among the thousands who will hail and cheer ;
and	Flow softly, gently, vital stream
with	Flow gently, sweet Afton.

The writer by no means asserts that any of these passages or works had any influence upon each other. They merely strike him as being quite as close one to another as many of the passages cited by Professor Campbell, though, beyond doubt, most of the citations which he makes are quite to the point. One other which he might have made and which does seem to be worth while is the similarity between "For Annie" and "The Bridge of Sighs."



Not the least valuable part of this edition lies in the 157 closely packed pages of notes, wherein the editor has given us the fruits of his long years of ardent study of Poe. The date of composition, the text, the source, and in some cases the critical estimate are followed by the usual specific comment upon lines.

Like all things human, Professor Campbell's *Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* is not perfect. In one or two minor matters of collation, it differs from its nearest rival, the Whitty edition, (though which is correct the writer cannot say); and the one typographical error (*down* for *dawn*, p. 104) which the reviewer has noted has chosen a highly conspicuous place in which to advertise itself. But nevertheless it seems safe to say that this work will remain for a long time to come the indispensable edition of the poems of Poe.

EARL L. BRADSHER.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Revised and Definitive Edition. Edited by J. H. Whitty. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1917. \$2.25 net.

The first edition of this book, "the fruit of researches extending over a period of thirty years," appeared in 1911. This second edition, which appeared almost simultaneously with Campbell's, contains, as announced in the Preface, new Poe discoveries in the shape of five additional poems and certain other poems attributed to Poe on very doubtful grounds. The Appendix includes some interesting material relating to Poe's brief sojourn in Scotland, with illustrations of the house where he stayed and the school which he is supposed to have attended.

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HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865. By James Ford Rhodes, LL.D., D.Litt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. \$2.50.

Any book by Dr. Rhodes is sure to be a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the subject treated, and this one is no exception to the rule. While he goes over the same ground which is so thoroughly covered by Volumes 3, 4, and 5 of his *History of the United States, 1850-1877*, it is in no sense an abridgment of them. In some instances, Dr. Rhodes has quoted verbatim from his larger work; but it is only when there has seemed to be

no possible way of improving on it. Since the *History* was published, a great quantity of new material has appeared, and Dr. Rhodes has drawn most copiously and wisely from such works as *The Diary of Gideon Welles*, *The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*, and others of the same nature. In compressing a fairly complete and entirely scholarly history of the Civil War into the compass of 438 pages, Dr. Rhodes has shown his usual skill. He has omitted nothing of political importance; but he has obtained brevity by the elimination of the detailed account of military tactics, which add nothing to the easy comprehension of the strategic problems involved. The accounts of the various campaigns are clear and distinct. The strategic values of the most important battles are properly emphasized, and the whole subject of the military operations of both sides is clarified by this abridgment. On the other hand, nothing is lost, except possibly to the student who wishes to specialize on purely military affairs.

The only change which might be suggested would be some mention of Andrew Johnson as Military Governor of Tennessee, and the addition of a short account of his actions in that difficult position, and of his splendid coöperation with President Lincoln toward the restoration of that state to the Union. Perhaps Dr. Rhodes prefers to consider all these things as part of the Reconstruction Period, but Johnson became Military Governor of Tennessee in the spring of 1862, and his services in that capacity continued during the larger part of the time covered by this book. So, it would seem that his services, his attempts at the reorganization of the state, and above all the great interest shown by Lincoln in the success of his efforts would justify at least a passing notice.

Dr. Rhodes is at his best in his descriptions of the leading actors in this great drama. Grant and Lee, Sherman and Joe Johnston, Sheridan and "Stonewall" Jackson, are all portrayed by him with a sympathetic pen. But his great hero is Abraham Lincoln, and nowhere is there to be found a finer picture of that great patriot, statesman, and lover of mankind than in this book. Dr. Rhodes's clearness and charm of style is too well known to need mention here. He is absolutely fair to both sides; and he

has performed his most difficult task in a way which leaves nothing further to be desired.

F. S. H.

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF EDUCATION: BULLETIN, 1916, No. 39: Negro Education, a Study of the Private and Higher Schools for Colored People in the United States. Two vols., 1147 pp. Maps, illustrations.

This Report on Negro Education, issued by the United States Bureau of Education in cöoperation with the Phelps-Stokes fund is in two stout volumes, which in field work and composition required the services of a large staff for over a period of nearly four years. The study was made under the direction of Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, perhaps better equipped than any other man in this country to plan and give temper to such an investigation. Dr. Jones was fortunate and wise in gathering about him a group of young Southerners, in most instances graduates of state universities, who did much of the detailed field inspection, and who were able to bring to their task an intimate knowledge of conditions and a keen sympathy with their problem. One of the most hopeful lessons from the work is that Southern men of training and responsibility and position were willing to enter heartily into such an undertaking. An alumnus of Washington and Lee University and a graduate in the department of sociology of Columbia University, Dr. Jones from the side of scholarship was able to direct the study and to bring together the mass of detail with fine perspective, keen analysis, and broad sympathy.

The first volume presents the general conclusions of the inquiry. It is here that the broad statesmanship of the director best appears. Modifications of a more or less important character will doubtless be made in this exposition as the years pass and as additional evidence comes to light, but the statement of the problem and the remedies proposed set the pace and serve to make this an indispensable handbook of practical educational policy where the colored people are concerned.

The second volume contains the analyses and descriptions of every private school and every higher public school for Negroes in this country. The field investigators based nothing upon

hearsay or upon long-range inspection. Every teacher, every pupil, every blackboard and desk and dormitory and book was scrutinized to the minutest detail. By letter or by repeated visits, effort was made to verify the facts gathered, so that this second volume forms a picture, photographic in its realism and completeness, of the physical properties and administrative structure of Negro schools. It is this close-up reproduction which will be of chief interest to particular localities.

The general thesis of the study is that whatever quarrel there may be with Negro education on moral, political, or more narrowly social grounds, there can be no reasonable objection to making the colored man a larger contributor to his own welfare and the welfare of the community of which he is a part. If his earnings can be increased from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a day, everybody is benefited and nobody is injured. In accordance with this viewpoint, the method of inquiry passes over questions usually more useful to the obstructionist than to the enlightenment of the public, and attacks the central problem.

The report believes that the training for agricultural pursuits is the first need of a people 80 per cent rural. It is shown that in the fifty years of their freedom, Negro illiteracy has fallen from more than 90 per cent to 30 per cent; 1,000,000 colored men are now farmers of varying degrees of independence, a quarter of a million owning farms aggregating 20,000,000 acres, but it is also made clear that the race is still desperately poor. The death-rate for Negroes is 24 in 1,000 as against 15 for whites, and the prisons and jails of the South have proportionately five times as many colored inmates as white. The report begins and ends with the contention that the problem of educating the Negroes is that of supplying with efficiency and welfare a people lacking in every element of healthy life.

The part of statesmanship, then, is to teach the Negroes to do better what they are now doing. The number of Negro mechanics needs to be increased by trade schools fed from pupils who have been taught from the earliest grades to work with their hands. Primary schools should teach the theory and practice of gardening, and this work should be followed in the higher schools until a colored boy can go out with self-confidence

based upon a good store of practical knowledge. Girls must be taught more of household arts, of the care of children, of the mapping out of and living by simple domestic budgets. At the same time academic and professional training is not to be neglected. The report shows that in teaching force, student-body, and equipment, only three schools,—Meharry Medical College, Fisk University, and Howard University,—deserve to be rated as colleges, and that out of a total of 10,000,000 colored students about 3,000 are receiving higher education. To care for the needs of a peculiarly needful people, opportunities for advanced study by 3,000 of the most apt of their number cannot be slurred. All of these 3,000 and more, if there were only facilities for their education, are needed to identify personal salvation and community morality, to view the problems of schools with broad understanding and attack them with genuine grasp, to campaign with scientific knowledge against menaces to public health.

The report makes clear a subtle and gradual but all-important change in the agencies of Negro education. It was first believed that upon the North rested the chief responsibility for the lifting of the race it had freed, and the North has given to Negro education generous sums that have become concrete in property accumulations to the value of \$26,191,892. Though this section still contributes annually \$2,645,527 to colored schools largely located in the South, not long ago, with the general awakening of the South to a necessity for improving conditions that were keeping it back, Southern leaders came to realize that upon the South should rest an even greater responsibility in the education of the Negroes. As a result, in the last months ten Southern states have appointed white supervisors of Negro elementary rural schools. It now begins to be said, shows the report, that perhaps after all the Negro, as he is the one most concerned in the problem he presents, may come to be the most powerful agency for its solution. When the colored people can be organized for progress in their own ranks, the best instrument of attack will have arisen for them, for the South, and for the country.

BROADUS MITCHELL.



**A HISTORY OF MEDIAEVAL JEWISH PHILOSOPHY.** By Isaac Husik, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. Pp. 1 + 462.

Professor Husik has the satisfaction of knowing that this book is a husky pioneer, so far as the English language is concerned. Strange to say, the author is able to say that "the German, French, and Italian languages are no better off in this regard. Strangest of all, the Jewish Encyclopædia and the Encyclopædia Britannica have no articles on the subject, and even Hastings' Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics has only a brief article.

The Macmillans are publishing this book for the Jewish Publication Society of America. The Society made no mistake in giving Professor Husik the task of writing the book. His scholarship is accurate, wide, minute, and his touch is as light as could be expected in a subject seemingly so musty, but really so full of the psychology of history.

Among other useful things in the book is the proof that the celebrated Maimonides, the Jewish precursor and perhaps formal model of Thomas Aquinas, had a predecessor in Abraham Ibn Daud, who thought out pretty well all that the more brilliant Maimonides gets all the credit for. Especially well worth study is the chapter on Levi Ben Gerson (1288-1344 A.D.), who lays a firm basis for much of what is called "pluralism" to-day—the pluralism made famous by William James, but which is seeing sad degenerate days in the hands of H. G. Wells, the Prince of Slapdashery. The reader will get a good sample of Jewish Mediaeval acuteness, with its touches of originality and genius here and there, by carefully thinking out some of the implications of the following quotation from Professor Husik's characterization of Gerson's Theodicy: "God knows particulars in so far as they are ordered, he does not know them in so far as they are contingent. He knows that they are contingent, and hence it follows that he does not know which of the two possibilities will happen, else they would not be contingent. This is no defect in God's nature, for to know a thing as it is, is no imperfection. . . . This theory meets all objections, and moreover it is in agreement with the views of the Bible. It is the



only one by which we can harmonize the apparent contradictions in the Scriptures. Thus on the one hand we are told that God sends prophets and commands people to do and forbear. This implies that a person has freedom to choose, and that the contingent is a real category. On the other hand, we find that God foretells the coming of future events respecting human destiny, which signifies determination. And yet again we find that God repents, and that he does not repent. All these contradictions are harmonized on our theory. God foretells the coming of events in so far as they are determined in the universal order of nature. But man's freedom may succeed in counteracting this order, and the events predicted may not come. This is signified by the expression that God repents." Open to criticism as this statement is, William James would have welcomed it, and it contains at least one of the golden threads in the cloth-of-gold of Truth.

T. P. BAILEY.

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THE OLD WORLD THROUGH OLD EYES. Three Years in Oriental Lands.  
By Mary S. Ware. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book contains a collection of letters written by Mrs. Ware to her family during a trip around the world and printed for her grandchildren. At the age of more than seventy, when the average grandmother seated by the fireside gathers her grandchildren about her and recalls incidents of her past life, this particular grandmother sets out in search of new experiences, and absolutely unattended makes a three years' tour through the Orient. In China she secured an interview with Yuan Shi Kai, for whom she felt a profound sympathy on account of his many burdens of office and his unaccustomed responsibilities. In travelling through India she was the guest for days at four native courts and was received everywhere with the greatest courtesy and consideration, which she modestly attributed to her age, but which was due no less to her never-failing self-possession, ready wit, good humor, kindliness, and sympathy. Prompted by no vulgar curiosity and with no inclination for mere tuft-hunting, she was interested chiefly in the results obtained in colonization and in the government of backward peoples by the Americans,

English, French, and Dutch, and she makes many astute observations on what she saw and heard. In China, for example, in speaking of the work of the missionaries, she wisely remarks: "Instead of grafting our teachings on their fine moral code of reverence for their dead and living parents, we force them to abandon this sheet anchor of their morality, and they lose their moral fiber in throwing off their traditions and customs." Of the Chinese again she observes with good sense and caustic humor: "The more I see of the Chinese, the more I think that this people can never be materially improved and uplifted till the principle that a man's first duty is to have offspring is changed."

When at last the good old lady reaches Paris, just before the end of the first year of the war, she visits the hospitals, carrying presents and comforting words to the sick, and is filled both with admiration for the splendid heroism of the French and with bitter indignation at the cowardly atrocities of the Germans. All the proceeds of her book, she tells us in her Introduction, are to go to the wounded French soldiers.

The book makes no pretension to style, and from this very fact springs much of its charm, for one has to read only a very few pages to catch a distinct flavor of individuality, a quaint simplicity, a whimsical humor, a keen curiosity and self-assertiveness that never become offensive, and a witty garbulousness.

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A VISION REALIZED: A LIFE STORY OF REVEREND J. A. OERTEL, D.D.,  
ARTIST, PRIEST, MISSIONARY. By J. F. Oertel. Milwaukee: The  
Young Churchman Company. 1917. xv, 233 pp.

This book should be of special interest to the readers of the REVIEW, for the vision the realization of which furnished the title for the biography of the Rev. Dr. Oertel, is embodied in a series of four large paintings, in All Saints Chapel, Sewanee, illustrating the Redemption of Mankind. To the painter of those pictures the vision appeared in the winter of 1851-52 when he was but twenty-eight years of age. It was to perpetuate this vision on canvas so that it might teach divine truth to thousands, that the artist endured hardships which remind the reader of the

famous Huguenot potter, Palissy, and toiled for more than fifty years; not, however, without winning other artistic successes. To this series of large paintings, to three other large and a score of smaller paintings of religious subjects by the same artist to be found among the treasured possessions of the University of the South, this volume will serve as an authentic interpretation that has long been in demand and will bring to these wonderful works the wider appreciation that is their due. The book will furthermore correct the too prevalent notion that all of Dr. Oertel's work is in Sewanee, or that Sewanee was made the convenient depository of paintings for which the world outside had no place. For the first of the series the artist refused an offer of ten thousand dollars in order that the "vision" might be realized in its fulness and tell the great story of Redemption in its entirety, in pictures that would be preserved together in one place. Sewanee was selected as that place because it was considered the centre of religious education for a wide region of our country.

In the sixty years of his life after his first exhibited picture Dr. Oertel produced more than one thousand major works, none of them mediocre, and most of them attracting high praise from competent critics. One of the most widely known of modern paintings the "Rock of Ages" was his work. Though he was essentially a religious painter, and consecrated his art to God and His Church, yet he was a versatile genius and painted landscapes and marine views of high merit, animal pictures and still life; executed some steel engravings, and carved some large altars and other work for prominent churches. He was besides a musician, and his letters show him to have possessed literary ability and to have been not devoid of a good sense of humor.

But the book is not a defence of Dr. Oertel's title to a place of honor in the history of American Art in the Nineteenth Century. It is the biography of an exceedingly interesting man, and is an excellent piece of biographical literature. Though inspired by filial affection and written and published as a memorial, it is of far wider interest than that of the family and friends of Dr. Oertel or even of the vast number of people who know him through his work at Sewanee and elsewhere. It is the life story of a good man, consecrated from infancy to God's service; a life

finding its expression in Christian art, having high aims and a great purpose, chiefly that of teaching to future ages God's revelation of Himself to the world.

Dr. Oertel was a native of Bavaria. He studied art in general and steel engraving in particular in Nuremberg. He came to this country in 1848 at the age of twenty-five. His career as a painter began in 1850. His life was a busy one, and he was compelled by circumstances to wander from place to place and set up his studio in many places. In 1862 he was for a while with Burnside's army, and was collecting material for pictures of the war. He received Holy Orders in 1867 and entered upon a useful career as missionary to the mountain people of the South. His ministry was more than a mere incident in the career of the artist. A zealous teacher of religion by word as well as by pen and brush he was until the end of his life. He died in Vienna, Virginia, in 1909. His long life was full of incident. The story of it all is well told and the character of the man is revealed to us in the book in such a manner that it may serve as an inspiration and an encouragement to succeeding generations.

The twenty-four illustrations have been well chosen and the only criticism that might be offered is that the half-tones of the paintings, from the very nature of the case, do scant justice to the great originals.

A. H. NOLL.

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LONESOME TUNES. Folk Songs from the Kentucky Mountains. The Words Collected by Loraine Wyman; the Pianoforte Accompaniment by Howard Brockway. New York: The H. W. Gray Company.

ENGLISH FOLKS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS. Comprising 122 Songs and Ballads, and 323 Tunes. Collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharpe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The first of these books contains twenty-five Folk Songs, with words, melody, and accompaniment, of which less than half are specimens of the traditional ballad. Both the words and music are given without comment or critical apparatus, the object being merely to "reproduce the songs as nearly as possible as they were sung by the people, regardless of their extraneous origin or defects." Although the melody seems in most cases

to have been caught with praiseworthy fidelity, the accompaniment is not always so well done and at times appears to be somewhat out of harmony with the rude simplicity of the mountain song. Nevertheless the collection is of distinct value in preserving the words and music of versions of such old ballads as *The Hangman's Tree* (Child, 95), *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* (Child, 74), *Six King's Daughters* (Child, 4), *Lord Batesman or the Turkish Lady* (Child, 53). As evidence of the permanence of their appeal a number of these Lonesome Tunes have found a worthy place in concert programmes in several large cities.

The second collection, by Campbell and Sharp, is the most important and permanent contribution made to ballad-lore since the time of Child. Mr. Sharp, an indefatigable collector and a foremost authority on the English folk song, has for two years been making investigations in the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, and has received valuable assistance from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, the former the efficient agent for the Southern Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation. Thus during his sojourn in this country Mr. Sharp has had unusual opportunities for coming into close touch with the mountain people and has been deeply impressed by their high level of culture, due, in his opinion, to the large amount of leisure they enjoy. Whatever differences of opinion on this particular point may be held by those who know the mountain people more intimately, students of the ballad both in this country and in Europe will be grateful to Mr. Sharp for preserving and recording in accurate form both the words and the melodies of thirty-seven ballads all related to those given in Child's collection. In some instances, notably *The Wife of Usher's Well*, Mr. Sharp gives no less than eight variants. His introduction, in which he discusses the scales and modes of these Appalachian tunes, is of great interest and value, especially his attempt to determine the ethnological origin of the singers through the prevalence of the gapped scale. He is modest, however, in putting forward his theories, but is full of enthusiasm for these simple folk tales and feels that our educational institutions are too prone to ignore "the educational



and cultural value of that national heritage with every immigrant brings with him to his new home." In seeking to develop the ideal American citizen he thinks that we are inclined to rest too confidently on the vocational and purely utilitarian elements in education and fail to relate closely the immigrant's national inheritance of culture and tradition to his new conditions of life here in America. He feels that he has covered only a small part of the field as yet and assures us that he will not rest content until all of the available material has been collected. Eventually he hopes to harmonize and publish a certain number of the songs so that they may make a wider and more popular appeal.

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A DIARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By James L. Houghteling, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25 net.

Attached to the American Embassy in Petrograd and having occasion to make frequent trips to Moscow, Mr. Houghteling had a wonderful opportunity for seeing the Russian Revolution from the inside, and he seems to have lost no chance—sometimes even at great personal risk—to inform himself of what was going on. Drawing his material from personal observation and from conversation with well-informed Russians, he gives a clear, interesting, and sympathetic account of events in Petrograd and in Moscow from January to April, 1917. Through all the excitement and the turmoil he seems to have kept his head clear, accepting hard conditions with imperturbable good humor, noting accurately the kaleidoscopic changes that were taking place daily, and recording his impressions swiftly and succinctly. When the final story of the Russian Revolution comes to be written this Diary will contribute its share towards interpreting the true spirit of the leaders and of the people on the streets of Petrograd in the early days of their new-found freedom.

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NEW AMERICAN HISTORY. By Albert Bushnell Hart, LL.D. Cincinnati: American Book Company. 1917.

It is an impossible thing to compress the history of the United States, or of any great nation, into 650 pages and not omit



many points which will seem important to many teachers of history. This, however, Professor Hart seems to have done with a more than ordinary degree of success. In reading his book we miss many little incidents which have always seemed suggestive to us, but, taking it by and large, we find in it so many excellences that we are very well able to overlook any deficiencies which may come to our attention. The arrangement of the book particularly strikes us favorably, and the headings of the chapters are especially good. Professor Hart gives more than the usual amount of space to the events of the last fifty years, and his treatment of them seems to us to be most skilful. He has succeeded in outlining the great social and economic changes of that period in such a way as to stimulate interest and furnish the teacher with a foundation of necessary facts to which it should be easy to add, in lectures, a mass of explanatory detail. It is also pleasant to discover that he has incorporated all of his data into the text and has spared us the jungle of footnotes which usually encumber a book of this sort. The illustrations are excellent and chosen with care and discrimination.

F. S. H.

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THE JESUS OF HISTORY. By T. R. Glover. With a Foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1917. Pp. 225. \$1.00.

Presumably His Grace forewords this stimulating little book because it was prepared for the British Student Christian Movement, and also because the author is working in India. The contents of these lectures are well indicated by the chapter-headings: The Study of the Gospels; Childhood and Youth; The Man and His Mind; The Teacher and the Disciples; The Teaching of Jesus upon God; Jesus and Man; Jesus' Teaching upon Sin; The Choice of the Cross; The Christian Church in the Roman Empire; Jesus in Christian Thought.

One would suppose that a Sunday-school teacher might find the book full of realistic suggestion; no reader should find it dull.

T. P. B.